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★ CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1941 ★

## ★ ARTICLES

The Vision of Violence	2
Mean of the Nazi Soldier	5
Living Beyond Your Income	7
Japan's Secret Navy	12
Will Steam Replace Petrol?	14
I Should Know Women	17
The Dead Must Walk	21
The Oriental Tangle	21
Britain's Crucial Battle	41
There Is Hope for Cripples	46
Seer of the Unseen	52
He Defied Superstition	53
Sir Whitehall's Precious Paintings	56
Six Serpents of Defeat	58

## MY DAY TO HOWL

Gilbert Austruther Says What He Thinks . . . 24, 25, 26, 28, 29

## CARTOON SATIRE

Sack, Harcourt, Rayson, Lehm, Gibson  
8, 9, 15, 19, 23, 27, 39, 40, 43, 47, 51, 59, 55, 97

## AUSTRALIA AT WAR

A Running History of the Digger at Home and Abroad . . . 30, 51, 52

## PICTORIAL

First Section . . . 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88  
Second Section . . . 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79

## THE BALANCED REVIEW

By "The Insider"  
56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71

## DEPARTMENTS

Books . . . 100, 102  
Shows . . . 104  
For Power . . . 106, 108, 110, 111, 112  
History in the Making . . . 90, 92, cont. back to 72

# THE VISION OF VIOLENCE

*He saw that terrible death flaring out of  
politeness several months before the event*

One Sunday afternoon in July, 1940, Hans Krantzer, a clerk, was sitting at the window of his fourth-floor furnished room in Stockholm. The day was sultry and Hans was at the window to catch the breezes that might be blowing inland from the Baltic.

He was thinking of nothing in particular when something at a fourth-floor room in the building opposite attracted his attention.

An unusually good-looking young woman was sitting in the room, reading a book. Hans Krantzer noticed all details clearly. The woman was well dressed. Her hair was set in the best of permanent waves. Krantzer liked the look of the woman and was "fixing" her to draw her attention to himself.

Suddenly a drama developed. Krantzer saw a middle-aged man enter the room. The woman became terrified. She dropped her book with a scream. A second later the blade of a long knife flashed through the air. The man had stabbed the woman in the back. Another piercing scream and the woman slipped from her chair and crumpled up on the floor. Obviously she was dead.

At first Hans Krantzer felt unable to move. The events which he had clearly seen took place so quickly that he could not even shout for help. A second later, however, he dashed out of his

room, running down the staircase, jumping three steps at a time. He raced across the street to the house opposite and called the housekeeper to help him to catch the murderer who must still be in the building.

The housekeeper was at first flabbergasted, then amused. He really thought that Krantzer had gone mad. For the room in which the murder was supposed to have taken place belonged to an empty flat. The flat had been closed for several weeks. Not a soul had entered since it became vacant, let alone any furniture, which Hans said was in the place.

To calm Hans, the housekeeper took him up to the fourth floor. Hans was amazed. He ran about excitedly in the empty flat from which he could see his own room on the other side of the street.

What had happened? Had he been dreaming?

The housekeeper fetched the police. Krantzer repeated his story to the constable. The constable carefully examined the empty flat in which a murder was supposed to have taken place twenty minutes earlier. The locks were not tampered with, the dust in the rooms was undisturbed.

The policeman phoned for an ambulance, and Hans Krantzer was taken to the lunatic asylum for observation. If he could see murders that never took place and

describe persons he never saw, he was obviously suffering from mental derangement.

A week later a married couple came to see the flat. They were sent by a local estate agent. For a fleeting moment it seemed to the housekeeper as if the couple looked exactly like the beautiful young woman and the middle-aged man described by the crazy Hans Krantzer. Even the dress of the woman tallied with the description. But Krantzer was a lunatic and the housekeeper dismissed the thought.

The couple took the flat. Three months later the housekeeper was told by tenants that they had heard a piercing scream coming from a flat on the fourth floor. That was the flat which the married couple had taken. The housekeeper rushed up and with the aid of the tenants broke down the door. In the room,

the windows of which faced Krantzer's former digs, he found the young woman stabbed to death. The husband was standing in the room in a dazed condition. He did not attempt to resist arrest.

Later at police headquarters he confessed that he had murdered his wife in a fit of jealousy.

Every detail of the murder was carried out exactly as Hans Krantzer had foreseen it just over three months before.

A committee of medical men is now trying to secure the release of Krantzer from the lunatic asylum in order to submit him to a psychological examination.

Was his foreknowledge of the murder the evidence of universal psychic powers? Scientists so far can offer no explanation.

—Dagmar Nyheter, Sweden.

## Animal Gormandisers

Amongst animals, gluttony is no branch of etiquette. To many of them life is chiefly a succession of periods of want and periods of picnic—feeding to repletion and prolonged fasting.

The vegetarian animal can usually feed all round the clock and does so, but the meat eater never knows when its next dinner is coming from so when the chance to eat comes the carnivorous creature takes it.

Sea lions can devour enormous quantities of food. The sea cow eats half-toned fatty rations in daily pounds of fresh fish. But on one occasion a sea cow gulped seaweed, the keepers' pantry and devoured not only his own share but the dog, but those of his six companions as well.

Sea birds of all kinds rank amongst Nature's champion scavengers. On many occasions gulls and cormorants have literally choked to death by picking mouthfuls too large for them to swallow.

Skunks are in a class of their own. The skunk's numerous teeth are usually needle-shaped and long all of them pointed backwards towards the animal's interior. As a result, a morsel, once it has served its use as food, is forced to devour it. Once a bite has been taken, there is no question of rejecting it.

—Animals, London.

# MENU OF THE NAZI SOLDIER

*New strange foods powdered, concentrated and nightmarish keep Hitler's legions marching*

Famine may stalk over Europe, but the German soldier apparently remains well fed. Recent articles in German newspapers, inspired undoubtedly by official sources, extol in most enthusiastic terms the virtues of the army ration.

Propaganda they may be, but the fact remains that the German soldier has given a remarkable exhibition of human endurance in campaigns and without adequate and well-balanced ration his performance would never have been possible. To be able to fight, men still must eat.

In Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France, German foot soldiers marched day after day, covering 25 to 30 miles in 24 hours in all kinds of weather and over varied terrain, with loads or no load, and arrived at their destinations ready to do the prescribed job.

Word got around that the Germans were using drugs in the form of anti-fatigue tablets. If there are such pills, no mention has been made of them in the German newspapers, but an analysis of the ration throws some light on the German soldier's ability to perform.

To the lowly soybean, the German High Command attributes a great deal of the success of the army ration. The basic components of canned meat and sausage which featured the World War ration have been replaced by an extract

known as "Eckloja."

Eckloja is a soybean flour with a high protein content of 40 to 43 per cent, and fat and carbohydrates. The flour is added to soups, bread, pastry and macaroni. The soldier thus is supposed to get his balanced meals of protein, fat and mineral salts without the use of meat, milk or eggs.

The savings in bulk tend to simplify the problems of packing and transporting. The German soldier can carry in his haversack a three-day ration of soybeans, and resources are not difficult to deliver.

Confronted with the possibility of a tin shortage, the German Army fell upon the idea of converting food forces so as to make possible their packing in other containers. As a result, the soldier now gets his tomatoes, cheese, jam and applesauce in powder form.

When cheese powder, for instance, is poured into a gail and mixed with cold water, it is said that it emerges in solid form which can be cut in the usual way. Apple powder plus cold water makes applesauce.

Another substitute for meat that is used in the German Army, known as "Buckings," is derived from raw materials such as vegetable and animal albumin. Added to cabbage rolls, meat balls or chopped meat dishes, it tastes like meat and satisfies the appetite, the



"I was only trying to get out of this silly transportation-hour zone."

German claim.

The demand for fresh vegetables in the field the Germans have tried to meet with stores of vegetable juices. There is spinach juice and cabbage juice (and others) which are made into a dough or paste and served to the troops as spinach or cabbage noodles. Tomato is used as puree, pulp or powder and is adapted to a variety of uses.

Dehydrated cabbage, carrots and spinach also are compressed into brick form and issued as dried vegetables. Sauerkraut, dried and compressed into cubes, is found in every army kitchen; and the traditional love for it has not been diminished under the administration of the Third Reich.

Quick freezing methods are extensively used for meats, fruits and vegetables, and the German military authorities are lavish in their praise of the system, especially as a means of preserving vitamins.

Faced with the likelihood of shortages of meat, the German Army has made special effort to protect it in transport. Meat is packed already roasted or cooked. Pork hocks and chops are packed in corrugated cardboard boxes. The cartons then are compressed to double shoe-box size and the con-

tents are frozen gradually.

Under favorable conditions, it is claimed that these products will stand journeys of five to six days without refrigeration, and can be kept frozen for years. In addition, it is said that the changes in packing have effected a saving of 400 per cent. in space.

For the soldiers who may become detached for an extended period, the Germans have a highly concentrated feed they call "Permenton." The Germans issue their Permenton to tank, fortress and mountain troops as well as to their air crews.

The "Permenton-Landjager," as it is technically called, contains smoked meat, bacon, soybean flour, dried fruits, wheat, tomato pulp, yams, green pepper, cranberries and ketchup—all substances necessary for building up the body, including carbohydrates, protein, fat and mineral salts.

The Germans also have developed a product containing dextrine, wheat, milk, fat and vitamin C, which was issued to the troops in Norway under the designation of "V-drops."

The German ration is not one that our soldiers would relish.

—Food Industries, U.S.A.

## Vitamin K

Thousands of new babies have been saved by the use of Vitamin K, the substance that has an almost magical power to stop bleeding. Science Service reports: Between 35 per cent and 60 per cent of all deaths of newly born infants it is said, had been caused by bleeding. This toll is now decreasing rapidly as a result of the spreading practice of giving the vitamin to mothers just before babies are born, and then to the babies during the first days of life.

# LIVING BEYOND YOUR INCOME

J. H. POLLOCK

*A remarkable system of better making  
life easier for thousands of people*

Thousands of Americans have found a way of enjoying luxuries they cannot afford. An impoverished actor is living in one of the nation's swankiest hotels. A thrifty housewife has a six-month lease on a \$75.00 apartment. A fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk is vacationing at a smart \$10-per-day resort. A freelance journalist, who has trouble barely making ends meet, recently acquired several new suits. A struggling architect regularly dines at a restaurant where no meal is less than \$1.50.

What is the magic key to this more abundant life? In a word, it is the duobill.

A duobill is merely a promissory note entitling the possessor to a stipulated amount of goods or services. It is also called a "trade contract"; sometimes (to lend tone) a "Letter of Credit." Essentially, a duobill is a mutually beneficial swap, whereby a firm or individual pays for services rendered (generally advertising) as "trade" instead of cash.

For example, a publisher gives an advertiser \$100 worth of advertising; in return, the latter signs a slip of paper (a "duobill"), entitling the publisher to \$100 worth of trade at his establishment. Should the publisher be unable to use the duobill personally (which

often happens), and his staff or relatives do not scramble for it, he may sell it to a private party for 60 per cent. of the duobill's face value. More often, he peddles the \$100 duobill for 40 to 65 per cent. to a recognized middleman—the duobill broker—who, upon receipt, will promptly have his secretary place it on his bargain counter. You trot into the broker's office and buy the duobill (in whole or part) usually for 75 per cent., a saving of 25 per cent. to you. Sometimes you can get it cheaper, for rather than get stuck with an expiring duobill, a broker will dispose of it below cost price.

Basically, then, the duobill is merely a modern variant of the oldest type of trade—barter—which, it seems, persists as a medium of exchange, in spite of the popularity of money. Duobill brokers are specialists in this type of barter. Their industry, though not exclusively a depression child, has mushroomed during the past ten years. Many of them became brokers by accident as it were. Most were legitimate advertising agents literally forced into the business by non-paying accounts; after pleading advertising, the only way these agents could collect from their clients was by "taking it out in trade." Thus the new respect-

able duobill industry originated as a make-shift proposition. One broker was formerly a clothing salesman. Another an actor.

There is a case of the taxi-driver who bought a duobill. While vacationing on it, he meditated, "Dis is a swell racket, if ya can give a guy a buck's worth for seventy-five cents." A tycoon was born. Back in New York, the taxi-driver marched into the broker's office. "Mister, ya gotta partner." "But I don't need a partner," the startled broker protested. "Okay, pal, ya gotta competitor."

To-day there are almost fifty duobill brokers in New York City alone, most of them located at the Times Square area. Many average over \$100,000 business annually, of which from 2 to 15 per cent. is net profit. Their offices are simple, unpretentious.

Although dealing in all types of duobills, they specialize in hotel "paper" or "notes." Gilt-edge duobills are "blue-chips" or "moneys"; less desirable ones, "junk." Duobill brokers resemble stock-exchange or any other type of broker; "The Boys" swap merchandise, narrowly eye each other's activities, buy and sell over the desk, by telephone, on sight, speculation or on a hunch.

In the summer their offices swarm with prospective duobill mountaineers; in the winter, with would-be Florida sun-woochippers. There are duobills available for the Berkshires, Virginia Beach, Atlantic City, Saratoga; the Havens, from the Highlands of Arkansas to the lowlands of South Jersey. All the broker asks is "Where, when,

how many?" you pay him—in advance—he makes the reservations—you're off!

The time has long passed when brokers parked in hotel lobbies, dragging guests off elevators, urging them to buy duobills on the very hotels in which they were then stopping. Nothing infuriated hotel managers more. To-day, so organized is the industry that brokers have banded together in an "association": the Trade and Exchange Advertising Association, Inc., which meets fortnightly to discuss "paper," competition, ethics and shop.

No cut-throats, the members are in constant telephonic touch with each other. President is Lew Bodie, 1619 Broadway, a former haberdasher. Bodie, a retired, likeable chap, is a "broker's broker" in that he is conscientiously concerned with the industry's future.

So popular became the duobill with the traveling public that it was necessary for the broker to create his own supply. This he frequently did by making direct "deals" with the hotels and resorts by personal loans, which went for expenses or enlargements. For this he was paid in duobills, sometimes making as much as 100 per cent. (paper) profit on the deal. Many a new wing of a hotel was built and many a hotel enabled to continue operating, thanks to these cash advances from brokers, who accepted duobills in full payment. The hotels were satisfied with this arrangement because they did not have to put up collateral, they knew that they were a risk for the broker, and, most important, their



"Oh, it's all the shoulder like I asked, Miss Brewster, but do you think it's a little too heavy?"

operating expenses were far below the face value of the ducbills issued.

Though hotel managers are often benefited by ducbill loans and trade, there are times, during conventions, special occasions and busy seasons (Labor Day week-end and Florida during February), when their hotels would be normally filled. Accordingly managers impose restrictions: they limit a ducbill's usage to a one-year period, confine the ducbill to guests who have not previously visited the hotel, insist that it be presented before registering, stamp the ducbill "non-transferable." Obviously, a hotel manager is hardly overjoyed when a ducbill guest goes about his "arrangement" to a cash customer. A gentleman's code of silence prevails among experienced ducbill users. Only amateurs prattle.

Reputable hatch honor ducbills at their regular daily, weekly or monthly rates. On the other hand, some unscrupulous hotels jack up rates upon presentation of a ducbill: whereupon publishers, on the advice of ducbill brokers, promptly evaluate by lowering their rates for each unprincipled ducbill advertiser.

Ducbills are by no means confined to hotels: countless businesses have paid for their advertising in magazines, newspapers, billboards, programmes, booklets, subways—even radio—with ducbills in lieu of cash. You can get a living-room suite or piano on a furniture company ducbill. Once a chap who possessed an optician's ducbill was told, upon presenting it, that the amount of the ducbill covered only

the lenses. If he wanted frames, he would have to pay cash for them. After a moment's thought, the ducbill customer replied:—"Okay, then, give me a pair of endless glasses."

Some ducbills, while procurable, are uncommon, like those on women's wear, or on summer camps conducted by institutions and organizations. The transportation ducbill is a rare one (Interstate Commerce Commission has No).

But restaurant and night club ducbills are plentiful. Here the broker often personally hires: he may grandly host his friends at dine and dance engagements, discreetly presenting his ducbill. Once when a night club check amounted to \$7, a broker's customer handed the waiter a \$10 ducbill in payment. Instead of marking off \$7 on the back of the ducbill, as is customary, the waiter short-mindedly slipped him \$1 cash in change (he's still kicking himself).

Some brokers receive a double interest in advertising agent and as ducbill broker. When buying back the ducbill from the publication where he places the advertising copy, the broker controls the market for his client's "paper." While leading advertising concerns haughtily snub the ducbill world, many large agencies continue to place "trade contracts" in all types of media. These agencies collect their customary 15 per cent. commission as on a cash deal, though they sometimes accept half commission. Several large agencies, in fact, specialize solely in "trade contracts," only incidentally concerned whether the publication prints

its client's advertising. It is chiefly interested in collecting its commission.

Naysayers predict an early demise of the business when too many people learn about ducbills. Still there are those among the brokers who insist that the industry is only in its infancy and that it is not dependent upon hard times. "It's always been human nature to chase after a bargain," says one. And the ducbill champions may be altogether right. After all, it is only a form of barter, and barter is as old as time.

On the whole, the ducbill system has proven socially beneficial. But

ness is enabled to dispose of its surplus or perishable products, while consumers can avail themselves not only of necessities but of otherwise inaccessible luxuries. Advertiser, publisher, broker and user of the ducbill all derive pleasure and profits from the transaction.

Thanks to the ducbill, you can live beyond your income. Live hollyhocked than the hostess, accustom soda, pee-a-la-moche, Charley McCarthy or the skyscraper, the ducbill is nevertheless a unique contribution to the American Way of Life.

—Magazine D., Toronto

We happened to pick up a book written by a great American, Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose words seem no less powerful and prophetic in 1941 than in 1841. Here are some comments upon the British by the sage of Massachusetts:

They (the British) are capable of a sublime resolution, and if hereafter the war of races, often predicted, and ending itself a war of opinions also should ensue the English civilization, those weaknesses may take even again to their floating castles and find a new home and a second millennium of power in their colonies.

"I find the Englishness to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. Every man carries the English system in his man, knows what is confided in him and does therein the best he can. The character never ceases to be man, the multiplicity on the point of his shirk the smirch on his harness, the oak in the bowl of his spoon. In politics and in war they held together as by hooks of steel."

"I happened to arrive in England at a moment of crisis. But it was evident that let who will talk, England will not. These people have not here a thousand years, and here they will continue to sit. They are slow and patient, and are like a dull red iron, which lets every man poke his, but with whip and spur will run down every faster in the field. The conservative English are yet liberally-loving, and no freedom is safe, for they have more personal sense than any other people. The nation always meets the financial action of their government."

"A nation considerable for a thousand years since Egbert, it has in the last centuries, attained the ascendancy, and stamped the knowledge, activity and power of mankind with its impress. The practical common sense of modern society, the utilitarian direction which labor lives, opinion, religion take, is the natural genius of the British mind. The American is only the continuation of the English genius into conditions, more or less propitious"—Peregrine The New Yorker, November, 1904

# JAPAN'S SECRET NAVY

A. MARSHALL OISTON

*Underlines in design and, as yet, is tested by bottle in the "bush boat" test*

The biggest smokescreen in the world is that which surrounds the Japanese Navy. If, travelling in Japan, you ask even the most innocent questions about it, the odds are that you'll be in prison by nightfall. And it's no joke to be held on an espionage charge by the Japanese police.

What we do know definitely is that, when the London Naval Treaty expired at the end of 1936, Japan had about 240 warships with a total displacement of 714,798 tons. Nine of these were battle-ships. They were all old ships, built before the Washington Conference of 1921, but all had been reconstructed and "modernized" so completely as to make them practically new.

Three battle-cruisers also received "rejuvenation" treatment. It transformed them into battle-ships.

Since 1916, Japan's naval building programme has been as "bush-branch" as a schoolboy's secret society. But when Italy joined the German-Japanese Anti-Comintern Pact in November, 1937, the *Gazette d'Italie* stated that the Japs were building three 46,000-ton battle-ships, armed with 16-inch guns. By 1942, it added, the Japanese Navy would total 289 warships displacing 1,169,131 tons.

Roughly eighteen months later, in March, 1939, the Japanese announced a six-year programme to cost £120,134,400 for new naval buildings and 130,000,000 for naval aviation. The Japanese Navy, the Navy Minister declared, must be equal to that of the strongest naval power.

It is impossible to say when any substantial number of these 1939-programme ships will come into commission. Japan can build very quickly. During the last war, when the need for cargo ships was urgent, she actually completed one in twenty-eight days—one day less than the American record.

True, a warship takes longer to build and equip than a cargo vessel. Also true, the Japanese record-breaker, after leaving port on her maiden voyage to the accompaniment of much banging of drums, was never heard of again.

This risk is increased by the Japanese fondness for experiment. Not long ago, they decided to arm some of their cruisers with heavier guns than had ever before been mounted in ships of similar size. To do this without sacrificing speed, they cut down protective armour to the minimum and built the ships with lighter plating throughout.

The designers had forgotten that

much greater stresses are set up by the firing of a heavy gun than one of lower calibre. So, when one of these cruisers fired her first salvo, half the plates in the hull cracked and she had to be towed back to port.

It seems probable that the latest Japanese battle-ships mount 18-inch guns. In a really big ship this is quite practicable without sacrificing either speed or armour, but these giants are tremendously costly. During recent years, Japan's resources have been strained to the uttermost, and it may be that these new ships are not so fully armored as those of comparable size in the British and American Navies.

No doubt they can stand the recoil of their own guns. After their experience with the cruiser, the designers would make sure of that. But they may prove unexpectedly vulnerable in battle. When a heavy shell strikes light armor, it sends huge steel splinters smashing through a ship that multiplies the effects of the hit.

The Japs, too, have a tendency to make their warships top-heavy. They clutter them up with tremendous masts and turrets which look impressive, but may make the vessels unworthy. Even the fact

that one or two ships have capsized on launching has failed to cure them.

Yet, if they could overcome this weakness, Japan's designers have one big advantage. The short stature of Japanese sailors allows them to reduce the height between decks several inches as compared with European and American war-ships. This could mean a real gain in efficiency.

The fifty or more giant submarines, capable of 15,000-mile voyages, may prove a tougher proposition than the new battle-ships if Japan goes to war.

But, Japan has never been tested in a real naval war. In the Russo-Japanese War, both the Russian ships and the Russian guns were obsolete. The Japs couldn't have lost a naval engagement if they had tried.

In a war where there were no such easy victories, the Japs would find the national habit of bowing a serious handicap. A navy whose senior officers committed ceremonial suicide whenever things went wrong wouldn't last very long against an adversary who kept his weapons for the enemy—and knew how to use them.

—Everybody's," London.

## No Mixed Bathing

Japanese women shouting up the docks after an "incident" began tapping caxins from inside an upstairs bathtub. When they had cleared the windows, the side of the bath lifted a few inches and a lightning voice cried: "Are there any ladies present?"

—MacDonald's *Illustrations* in *London Calling*, Illustrated



A clever, only once every now and then is successful with the ladies, but a handsome fool is irresistible.—*Photoplay*



# WILL STEAM REPLACE PETROL?

LIAM CRONIN, B.E.

*Never discarded by road transport progress steam transport may soon become the "Joke of the Road"*

To change over a petrol engine to run on steam, using a home-produced fuel at a reasonable cost, does not present any major difficulties, but there are very few vehicles in actual use.

There is now an ingenious conversion available in Britain that can be fitted to any light car in a few hours with the assistance of a good mechanic, and the results will be a very successful steam car, which will give a remarkable mileage of 180 miles per cwt. of coke used on a 10-15 h.p. engine.

This solution may offset Australia's current fuel problems.

The first steam road vehicle was built in Cornwall in 1803, nearly a hundred years before the petrol engine was put into service. The early attempts, however, were many years before their time and no doubt failed owing to lack of public support; while, of course, the roads at that period were quite unsuitable.

The use of steam has been developed very largely for goods transport and it has many adherents in the shape of the steam lorry.

Before considering the merits or demerits of steam and the methods of converting an existing petrol engine to operate on steam, which is an attractive proposition at the moment, I should like to give an

idea of the relative running costs of large commercial vehicles driven by steam and petrol.

These tests were carried out just before the outbreak of war by a big transport firm, and while the fuel costs of coke and petrol were much lower than they are at the present time, as both have increased in price, the general results are not affected.

With the steam waggon, the running cost per mile was 1.34 pence against 2.45 pence for the petrol vehicle. The coke used cost 21/8 per ton and the petrol 1/1½ per gallon. The steam waggon used had an unladen weight of 4 tons 16 cwt., and it was designed to carry a load of 5 tons. With full load, the fuel consumption was 20 mals per cwt. of coke. Even with the present price of coke the transport of goods by steam truck is quite an economical proposition.

Since these tests were made, however, a more efficient steam unit has been built. The boiler is of the flash type and operates at 1,030 lb. per square inch. And the engine is a 4-cylinder arranged in a V. From preliminary tests made with this unit, figures as much as 34 miles per cwt. of coke have been reached, at a speed of 50 m.p.h. With this design there could be a definite revival of the steam truck.



"Listen, pal! Consider you're being taken for a ride. We just ain't got petrol dollars."

Oxenbould, July, 1941 Page 35

The present system of taxation, however, is rather unfavorable to the steam vehicle.

That steam can be used for the propulsion of private cars without trouble, smells or noise is already an accomplished fact, and even to the present day the steam car is used in America.

To run a car on steam we must have a boiler, and in order to keep the weight of the parts as low as possible and in order to get maximum efficiency it is necessary to use a high steam pressure, so that the best type of boiler for the purpose is what is known as a flash boiler. This boiler is made from a seamless steel tube bent into the form of a coil, with the fire-box situated in the centre. As this type of boiler has no water storage, steam can be raised very quickly.

The steam pressure has to be as high as 1,100 lb. per square inch, and as the cylinder head of the one engine would not be capable of standing this pressure it is necessary to fit a new head on top of the existing cylinder block and special pistons in order to make the engine double acting. The control of the steam production and the temperature at which the steam is delivered to the engine is effected by two simple regulators.

The boiler is very compact and for a 5-12 h.p. car measures 11 inches diameter x 28 inches high. It would not be feasible in small cars to install a condensing plant, and as well, in a change-over job, there would be the danger of getting oil mixed with the condensate, which would be dangerous in the boiler. As water can be obtained much easier than petrol, having to

stop every 60 or 70 miles for water would not cause any inconvenience.

When the car is converted to steam it runs so silently that there is nothing to tell the uninitiated how propulsion is effected. There is a complete absence of fumes, and acceleration is perfectly smooth and the relative silence of the engine is anything to one accustomed to petrol engines.

For the small private car of around 1 to 10 h.p., the cost of the unmachined castings would be about £3, while the manubake boiler would cost about \$30-\$40. There is no reason why the castings could not be made and machined here, and the boiler could be made by any engineering firm employing good welders.

If the scheme is compared with producer-gas conversion, it is clear that there are pronounced gains; firstly, there is an increased power output, secondly, fuel costs are lower, and, thirdly, I am convinced that the reliability and longevity of the motor would surpass those of the producer vehicle.

If this experiment should prove successful the poetic dream of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of the famous Charles Darwin, will find its fulfilment, for, writing about the possibilities of the steam engine, which was then in its infancy, he said:

*"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered  
steam afar,  
Drag the slow barge, or drive the  
rapid car;  
Or so wide waving wings expanded  
bear,  
The flying chariot through the  
fields of air."*

—The Leader, Dublin.

## I SHOULD KNOW WOMEN

### SASCHA GUITRY

*Celebrated French theatrical figure married four times, carries on under Noy's management*

Sascha Guitry has long been the most colorful figure in the French theatrical world. In addition to being a great actor he is also the author, producer and director of scores of plays.

To date, he has acquired four wives, and his box seats on love and marriage have been widely quoted and applauded. Whenever Guitry tired of his wife of the moment he would make one of his famous farewell speeches, very often declaimed in public. She would as a rule gracefully submit to her sad fate. Recently when the Nazis marched into a Paris from which practically all the stars of the Paris theatre had fled, with the exception of Charlotte Lyons, the first wife of Sascha Guitry whom he had divorced twenty years ago, they made Charlotte "Gauloise" of the theatres of Paris, a post which gave her unlimited powers.

Immediately she dispatched an emissary to Guitry ordering him and his beautiful fourth wife, Genevieve de Selveville, to return to Paris. There Guitry was a bit unamused to have Charlotte face him with the statement that she would permit him to resume his career and open his theatre *La Mafeline* on those conditions that his plays be of a more serious character, that she, Charlotte, should

be his partner on the stage, and that he leave his wife.

But Charlotte reckoned without the disarming charm of Guitry, who readily convinced her that she really played the important part in his life, that she was his helmsman, partner and inspiration, and that the position of wife was so infinitesimal that it was scarcely worth the bother of a divorce.

So Sascha Guitry once again rigas an undivided monarch of the French theatre.

Women! Marvel of all Marvels! In childhood she is adorable. In girlhood she is fascinating; as a woman, she is exciting, disturbing; as a wife she is enchanting; in the role of a mother she is teaching, appealing; and when youth has left her, she becomes one of those fine and complacent ladies where man discovers anew the seduction of youth and at times the freshness of infancy. That is how I see women . . . and that is why I love her.

However, the experiences I have accumulated in the last thirty years compel me to take an altogether different point of view as soon as I change the word woman into the plural—women.

Yes, Women is the greatest wonder of all wonders! But women

... are something altogether different. When a man asks himself "What is woman?" he thinks of all her virtues, her seductiveness, which make her his ideal, his dream and he exclaims, "Ah, Woman, Marvel of all Marvels!"

But when he asks himself, "What are women?" he will say, as did Malraux, that there is nothing more stupid, nothing more insane, nothing more treacherous on this earth than the fair sex.

To speak of women means to speak ill of them, no matter what you really think of them. And for a very good reason: if you speak well of something, there is very little left to talk about. To speak ill of women is to have an inexhaustible subject for discussion. In my opinion, to speak well of women is not to know them, is not to love them.

But first let me make one point very clear: The women of whom I speak, dear reader, are not yucces nor misse. Ours are sacred! I only speak of the women who belong to other men.

I maintain that one woman is adorable, but two women are horrible! Why? Because I have discovered that two women can be in complete harmony only at the expense of a third.

I have been asked on certain occasions where I have gathered my opinions on women. My answer is: "I have heard women discuss other women and I am in agreement with their opinion on this subject. Men never say malicious things of women that they themselves have not said about themselves. But there is one fine differ-

ence: Women speak well of women in general, and ill of a particular woman.

They always reiterate, "All women are wonderful!—And when we ask, "Which one?" they reply, "All!" But we insist on their names, "Mademoiselle Z?" "Don't make me laugh! She is a dem-on!" Invariably this will be their reply.

But when they speak of wonderful men, they seem to agree much easier on one specific man. Isn't it a shame that they do not make men their general topic of conversation? But it's almost always women that they prefer to talk about!

As soon as a woman is happily married, she is automatically dropped by her sex. Since the majority of women seem unable to find happiness, they will not admit that any other woman is capable of finding it. When you mention that Mrs. L. is happy, they warn you: "Just wait and see!" and they will keep this up for years.

I firmly believe that a homely woman can hold her own much longer than her more fortunate sister; while beauty undergoes changes with age, homeliness becomes more attractive. Yet there is nothing more enchanting in the world than to gaze upon a beautiful and well-dressed woman. You may have been deep in conversation on the beauty of art or literature, but the moment she enters the room, all conversation stops. She monopolizes all attention, just as if she had attracted all the light. She scuts herself directly, supporting her face with a gloved hand while she murmurs, "Pray, continue with your conver-



"Let's try the beach. I think I can hear a splash!"

ation... I am so interested in this topic!"

And she conducts herself with all the aplomb of one who understands every subject on earth. While the conversation continues, she nods her head from time to time with such vigor that one wonders the lady has been hanging on each word that you have been uttering. But what really goes on in her mind? Thoughts such as

these, "I should have put on my black hat. It's really absurd were becoming than this one."

After all these reflections, and I have reflected profoundly on this subject, I would say that woman's most damning quality, the one thing that I will never forgive them, is that their indescribable attractiveness which drives us mad insane.

—Punta Riva Illustrated, San Juan.

## Violent Beginnings

After London had received the heat of a bombardment, I visited an East End mother, twenty-nine years old who had had the ordeal of being in a bombed maternity hospital, and whose child was born while the bombs were actually falling. She was most cheerful about the whole experience.

"It happened too quickly for me to worry about anything," she said. "They do say one fright sends out another, and what with bombs and my pains coming on, and being hurried around, it was like a sort of dream."

"I remember being in bed later in the alarm, and thinking 'Just my luck to have this now!' Then there was a lot of rushing around, and a loud bang, and dust, and then the nurse gave me something to send me off and next thing I remember was waking up in another part of the hospital with baby here. It was only then they let me know the hospital had been bombed."

Mrs. Rinkoff refused to treat the matter as if she herself had been in danger. But she spoke with great enthusiasm about the doctors and nurses.

"They must have been wonderful, going on with my little barker when the place was being bombed, and bringing the baby along as good as if he'd been born in a palace."

Certainly, the baby, then aged two-and-a-half weeks, and named Joe ("not after that children," as his mother snarled me) seemed on full of red-faced vigor as any recently-born infant—*Only Pioneer in Good Breeding, London*



I was walking along The Cut, Blackfriars, the other morning during a mad, when I met a poor old woman with a match who was talking to my passer-by who would listen to her. "I'm away to live to a hundred and forty," she explained as I approached, "but all this!" (tapping her watch at the girth girth off around)—"interfere with me"—"Ole to 'The New Statesman and Nation,' London.

# THE DEAD MUST WORK

PROFESSOR F. B. S. HALDANE, F.R.S.

*Russian scientists use spare parts of deceased comrades to aid the living*

In the Soviet Union every one is expected to be of use to his fellows while alive. And they sometimes go on being so after they are dead. To understand how this is so, we must understand a little about the nature of death.

The old theory of death was that the soul left the body. One moment it was there, the next moment gone. If you watch a person dying, there is often a very definite moment when the breathing stops. That is one reason why life was identified with breathing, and words such as "animal" and "spirit" are derived from Latin words for breath.

After a man has breathed his last, his brain very soon ceases to work, and he is dead as a human being. But some of his other organs are still alive. Unless he died of heart disease, his heart will go on beating if kept warm and supplied with blood. And above all, some of his cells may live for many hours.

Indeed, cells from a chicken have been kept alive for about thirty years when put in a suitable mixture made from blood and other sources of nourishment.

They go on dividing, but no one has yet succeeded in making them form a new chicken, as a tiny fragment of some plants or very

simple animals will form the rest of it.

Now, if a man were a machine we could use pieces of one man as "spare parts" for another. This is not usually possible. A foot grafted from one rabbit on to another will, generally, if not always, die, and the same would doubtless happen with human beings.

On the other hand, blood can be transferred, provided it belongs to the right group. Blood from recently dead people is quite satisfactory, provided they did not die of an infectious disease. However, as healthy people can give blood without danger, blood from living donors is generally used.

There are many cases of blindness. One of the commonest is opacity of the cornea, as the transparent window in the front of the eye is called. Zern, in Germany, and Elsching, in Prague, were the first to cure this sort of blindness by transplanting part of the cornea from a healthy eye. In Britain, Thomas of Cardiff has further improved their methods.

Dr. V. Filatoff, a surgeon of Odessa, made a number of grafts from cases of incurable blindness where the cornea was transparent. But this involves removing the eye from a living man or woman who has gone blind for some other

reason. So he tried using eyes from dead people. The eye is kept just above freezing point for a day or more. Then a round incision about one-fifth inch in diameter is taken out of the corner with a special instrument, a similar hole made in that of the blind man, and the graft put into it.

He was astonished at the success of this method. Using grafts from living people he had only had sixteen successes out of seventy-five. With transplants from a dead eye, he restored the sight of eighty-seven out of one hundred and thirty-five cases.

Dr. Filatoff calculates that there are six million completely blind people in the world, and fifteen million partly blind. He thinks that about two million could be cured by this operation. So far about three hundred have been. And is so far as war or prejudice prevents contact between Soviet ophthalmologists and their colleagues in other countries, these blind people will stay blind.

For eye surgery is an extremely skilled craft. Every tiny detail counts. In particular, Dr. Filatoff was at his asymptotic for preserving the eyes a substance called "lysozyme," which is a natural preservative found by Fleming in Britain to be present in tears and in several other natural secretions. It has not been used in the land of its discovery, but in the U.S.S.R. it has been used for preserving, not only eyes, but caviars.

Why, asked Dr. Filatoff, are tumors from recently dead people better than those from the living?

He ascribes this to the chemical processes which go on in tissues after the death of the body as a whole, even when putrefaction is prevented. They cause the softening of meat when it is hung.

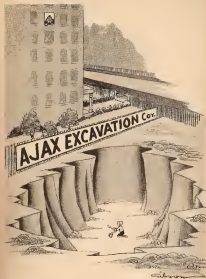
In order to preserve Lenin's body, as they succeeded in doing, Shansky and Vorobiev had to reject chemicals to prevent those changes from going too far. Shansky told me that he had been offered a large sum by an American millionaire's widow to preserve her husband's body. But he did not think that millionaires should be treated like Lenin.

Apparently the substances produced in the first phase of the softening process before the cells are actually dead, not merely help the graft to take but actually help to bring the surrounding tissues back to normal. Filatoff has recently begun to transplant large pieces of skin from dead people, with very favorable results.

Citizen Sackelneider, a metal-lurgist, burned both his hands. They healed, but the right hand was covered with thick blue scars, so that he could not bend it. On replacing part of this scar with normal skin from a dead man, the remainder became softer, so that the hand could be used again.

At the present moment a number of Filatoff's pupils are experimenting with grafts of all kinds from the recently dead. Probably they are over-optimistic, but they have already got some striking results.

—From *Science in Peace and War* (Lawrence and Wishart, London.)



"Tommy! What did I tell you about digging holes in that goddamn!"



# My Day.... TO HOWL

By Columnist GILBERT ARNSTADTER

## ...FROM THE FRONT

I wish to introduce a friend of mine, who, for the next page or so, will enliven the scene with some of his cogitations. This friend's name is Vinny—better-known as "Scoop" among his journalistic confreres.

At the moment, he is somewhere out around Libya shooting off ammunition and philosophy. And although he is a fairly full-time job, he still finds some spare minutes to dispose of the situation on the home front.

Listen, then, to Scoop Vinny, who is one of the best fellows on earth, a financial idealist, a social crusader, and, in recent months, an up-and-coming realist.

"News," he waxes, "I have sons. In fact, I do not know what is happening a mile away. But that is not surprising, for the closer one gets to the front, the less one hears of how the war is going.

"Except for rumors. And they are so numerous, varied, and colorful that even a corps of fiction-writers would be hard pressed to record and tabulate them.

"And now to get something off my chest."

## ...DEEP SORROW

"I feel mighty sorry for lots of people in Australia. Particularly those poor hard-working munitions-workers who are drawing such big overtime—or were, until the unions stopped them, because of the threatened wage-tax on overtime.

"I'm sorry for them, because they seem impervious to the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of soldiers, sailors, and airmen on duty twenty-four hours a day with no overtime.

"They—the poor people at home—with their reasonable home comforts, do not seem to be aware of the fact that this war is scotch—dash! serious.

"Maybe their equal that the monopolists are making big money is justified. But what the hell is to stop the Government from rectifying that?"

Those of you who read that last sentence will also observe that Scoop Vinny is, too, very naive on top of all his other accomplishments. All idealists are naive; but few of them are so scaped in their philosophies as to imagine that monopolists can be attacked.

## ...PLAYBOYS

"Personally," he continues, "I am quite indifferent to the way you people at home adjust things, just so long as we are not expected to make faces and throw rocks at the Hun, pending discussions in the Arbitration Courts.

"Perhaps you are saying that something seems to be eating Scoop. Something is. Something would be eating you, too, if every paper you received at the line was filled with doings of playboys at Pease's, uniform squabbles among the women, strike-talk among the Defenders of Democracy on the home-front, and the platitudes of politicians. . . .

So they it is.

There is little or no need for me to add any comment. My correspondent has covered, in one magpie sweep, nearly everyone on this side of the world.

So far as I can see, he has scored about four bulls and one magpie.

## ...MACPIES

I should like to enlarge on the subject of that magpie. Magpies—if it so happens that you are not versed in the modern lingo—are those ladies who live, breathe, eat, sleep, defy, and are filled with the importance of their uniforms.

There is no compromise in their hearts. If they can't have a uniform, they can't do war-work. That's all there is to it. If they get a uniform, they've got—in their own eyes—the world at their feet.

So they strut and posture and throw forward their considerable bosoms (in lieu of chests) to the

glory of the great god Eggonism.

Thus, of course, refers only to a very small minority, and must not, on any account, be regarded as universally applicable. Of this minority, let me show you one example.

On a recent evening through the sun-baked streets of Sydney, I saw one, somewhat large, uniformed Amazona approaching two uniformed gentlemen of one of the Services.

The gentlemen were in deep conversation about something or other. As she drew level, she lady eyed them. The gentlemen went pale, still conversing.

Then it came. A raging street descended on their blushing, demented heads—a towering, awful wrath with its three chains quivering.

Why had they not related that? Her rank was above them. That, she phrased and rephrased in monotonous multiplicity. With accompanying, harsh words she lashed the contemplative, thrandentrock gentlemen.

## ...BLITZ

Onlookers enlivened. You could scarcely help it. For the lady's voice—as is the camera with most ladies' voices—was strident and loud.

At any moment, I expected to see a general rush for the air-raid shelters by citizens mistaking this for the shrieking of sirens.

At any moment, too, I expected to see the gentlemen lose patience, yank the lady across a nearby hero-sine case (since only a Hercules in particularly good health could un-

take such a weight on his knees), and paddle her.

Unfortunately, this did not happen. As is usually the case, the thing petered out, and the gentlemen proceeded on their way, still looking puzzled and not a little scared.

### ... COUNTER-ATTACK

This little anecdote can be, and will be attacked, of course, with all sorts of technical ammunition—that it's the weak and not the person you should salute, etc., etc.

But, from my recollection, Australians are not given much to saluting anyone—unless he has proved his worth.

There is much to be learned from the ants (*Australia's National Treasures*), those unsung, untransformed hordes of women who work like furies and seek nothing for it.

### ... SALUTE

At one camp recently, a spectacle—quite spontaneous—was staged. To this camp, almost every day, came (and still come) a squad of little women.

Day after day, they sit there sewing on buttons, darning socks, and patching under-pants for the men.

Into the hut where they sit, a week ago, marched as many men as could cram their way in. They were drummed in and lined up.

A spokesman explained their purpose. There was little they could do to show their appreciation, he said, only this—

The drum rolled. The men saluted those women, then marched out quietly again. Simple! A mere nothing? The ladies blushed with pleasure, then blushed again. More

than one of them dropped a tear or two. Then they bent quickly over their work again.

To me, there is a great wealth of meaning in these two anecdotes. Besides, they explain very clearly what I—and Scoop Vinay—are trying to make clear.

### ... SCRAPS

I ran across two anecdotes which might illustrate something or other. One concerns Mr. Cordell Hull, Secretary of State to the United States of America.

He is reputed to be an extremely cautious speaker, striving always for scientific accuracy. One day, on a train, a friend pointed to a fine flock of sheep grazing in a field.

"Look. Those sheep have just been sheared," he said.

Hull studied the flock. "Shared on this side, anyway," he admitted.

A little time later—that is, last month—he sheared a few sheep of his own—on one side. He kicked all German Consuls out of the U.S.

There were still the Ambassador and a lot of other functionaries left. But one side had been sheared, anyway.

### ... AND GOD

The other concerns the U.S.A.'s President.

One day, the telephone in the office of the Rector of President Roosevelt's Washington church rang, and an eager voice said, "Tell me, do you expect the President to be in church this Sunday?"

"That," the rector explained patiently, "I cannot promise. But we expect God to be there, and we



"Did you?"  
"No, but I expect."

Envy that will be incentive enough for a reasonably large attendance."

### ...GENTLEMEN

I am at something of a loss to understand why and how this old idea of conducting a war along gentlemanly lines perished. When Germany landed troops in Crete from the air, they were accused of being cads, because some of the troops were dressed in British uniforms. This was not, apparently, correct.

Since when has war, in any of its aspects, been cricket? It never was a genteel game. For it is not, after all, a courteous act to shoot down people in streetplaces, sink people travelling in ships, blast men to bits, and all the rest of it.

And, in case I should be accused of defending the enemy (who is, incidentally, quite capable of defending himself), let me here state that this is designed as a realistic suggestion, and nothing else.

Germany has scrapped these old ideas. And unless we follow suit and scrap them also, we're going to be at a big disadvantage. For those boys over in Berlin have decided that the enemy is just as dead or just as wounded whether you feel gentlemanly about pulling a trigger or a trick on him, or if you feel a scandal for doing so. It doesn't matter very much.

It is quite time we woke up and stopped hanging our heads three times on the floor before an excommunicated Old School Tie.

I do not, of course, suggest a programme of unashamed atrocities. I suggest merely that we adopt all

the tricks demonstrated by the enemy.

If the other fellow kicks you in the stomach in a street brawl, it doesn't do much good being scrupulously careful not to hit him below the belt in return.

If you do, you're very soon going to have no stomach at all.

Carefully-wrought rules of war-conduct were all very nice for the old-time, kindly professional armies who fought six days a week, and peined the Lord on the Sabbath.

But in these days we are shicker, tougher guys, who are being pushed around by Progress and a higher degree of civilisation.

In other words, you've got to hit back as hard, and in the same way as you are being hit.

How long is it going to be before we realise that?

### ...GREAT ARGUMENT

This brings me to the old, old question about whose side God is fighting on. Ever since this war began, He has been violently pulled backwards and forwards between the two camps.

Last month, an ecclesiastical gentleman and an artist gentleman got into newspaper baks on the subject.

The ecclesiastical gentleman insisted that God would give us victory if we prayed for victory.

The artist gentleman said that, "the Germans, who have had victories over nineteen countries, must have prayed strenuously."

And so on.

This brings to mind the story of little Rosemary, one of the many little girls sent out of London. She

was going to bed on her first evening in the country.

"Do you say your prayers before going to bed, darling?" asked the hostess, Rosemary said she did.

"Well, then, kneel down, and I'll listen as your mother does."

Rosemary repeated the usual, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and then improvised a postscript of her own.

"And God, please protect Daddy and Mummy from those German bombs. And, do, dear God, take care of yourself—because if anything happens to you, we're sunk."

### ...ELECTION

So, in New South Wales, we have a new Government—of the people, by the people, for the people . . . and without bloodshed.

And this, according to a young lady I met on election-day, is a most curious case of affairs, that we should be able to elect one party or another without riots, skill-splitting, political sabotage by wire-collar intriguers, threatening, or even a salacious side-street exchange of revolver-shots.

I might mention that this young lady was, until recently, a resident of Communist Europe, that delightful land where cuckoo is renamed down your throat with the left of a dagger.

She left because a certain Austrian gentleman of pronounced opinions did not like the shape of her nose.

His law is most decidedly our gain; for that young lady is most highly trained in child welfare and education.

I found her almost cowering behind a pile of books in one of our

Public Libraries. I shall not make fun of her by reproducing her halting English, she was more proficient in the language after three months here than I could hope to be in her language after three years.

"What—what will happen?" Her eyes were very wide, scared.

"What do you mean—what will happen?" I asked.

"The elections. There will be fighting, no? The streets are unsafe." She shuddered. "I hate elections."

That, of course, was hilariously funny. Fighting? At an Australian election, where the only bit of excitement is a poll-booth policeman, bored to tears, juggling off a stray drunk.

Anyway, I could not convince her that Australian election days are customarily three degrees quieter than a wet Sunday in Melbourne.

And for a long time she would not venture out. She had arrived early at the library, and she was counting on staying there until the booths closed.

I led her forth—feeling very brave and protective—and took her around some of the booths, then bought her a cup of coffee.

It all sunk in while she drank the coffee. But she still could not understand it, she was still like a fawn, ready to jump and flee at the drop of a hat. At any minute, she thought, a band of Communists, or Nationalists, or something else might pour through the door with grenades in their pockets and knives in their teeth.

I think she still imagines that this last election-day was exceptional





## AUSTRALIA AT WAR

### ... FOLLOW UP

Out of North Africa last month came a story that ranks high, in terms of cold nerve, with any heroic exploits committed in the fever-heat of Greece and Crete.

In these campaigns, men—men from factories, offices, shops, from every walk of life—defended a gulf-land little country, giving, in that defence, what even they had not suspected previously was in them to give.

They gave the kind of heroism that can turn the darkest kind of defeat into eventual victory. They gave a dogged brand of determination that whips through the blood of only a few nations on earth.

But they could give, too, a different kind of heroism—the cold, nerveless, calculating kind that is as different from the Greece-brand as is ice-water from boiling-water.

### ... PATROL

The story concerned two Australians, their free-lance mission, the adventures encountered during that mission. . . .

"You would never dream of being picked for a job because you had a besky nose. That doesn't seem to have any bearing on warfare. But that is why I was picked for this job—that, and because I

am naturally swarthy—amounting almost to blackness since this sun over here has got at me.

"My partner for the venture has a considerably bigger nose, and is just as black. Both of us have had a wad of experience in the Central parts of Australia.

"We were fitted out like a couple of bedouin, given three camels, rifles, etc., and let loose on the desert for a specific purpose, and at the same time to find out what we could.

"For certain reasons we both knew something about the location of water-holes and oases in this part; and I suppose all these conditions mounted up to make us eligible for the job."

### ... DESERT

"For days we saw nothing but the desert. Everywhere you turned to look, it was there—blistering heat, a glare that is almost physically painful, the sun beating down from above and beating up again from the earth.

"That sort of thing does not contribute much to either good temper or a holiday spirit. But we both knew what it was going to be like; and we both agreed, before we started, that quibbling, squabbling, or nastiness would be

unavoidable under the circumstances and was not to be taken seriously.

"In other words, we knew what laid ahead of us.

"It was days before we sighted anything. And then it was only a band of Arabs making their way south across the desolate, heart-ridden landscape.

"We stared well class of them; because, although both of us knew a little of the language, neither of us was good enough to get caught up in a long, flowery, detailed exchange of gossip with them.

### ... THE ENEMY

"It was about ten days after we started out that we caught sight of a German patrol.

"Even from a distance, it seemed things were not altogether as they should be with them. I don't know that there was any one evidence you could put your finger on that would put this impression in your mind. It was rather, I suppose, a sort of instinct in us that suggested the patrol was in some sort of difficulty or other.

"For a long while we stood well off and watched them. We wondered what the trouble was—shortage of water or petrol were the two best bets.

"After a time they saw us and started waving. There was nothing to do but to go in. We looked at each other, sighed, made a few last-minute arrangements, and went."

### ... BOCCO

"Luckily, none of the men in that patrol knew any Arabic. This knowledge, when we discovered the

fact, made us sigh very deeply indeed with gratitude.

"That meant we were expected to get along as best we could with a bad mixture of French and Italian—a few words of each here and there, mixed with a lot of gesticulation.

"They were in trouble, tight enough. Bad trouble. Who had done the job only God and the perpetrator himself knew. But somehow, before those vehicles left on their patrol, someone had injected a shot or two of sand into the oil.

"The result had been terrific. One after another each one of the vehicles had given up the ghost. And then they were.

"There is nothing so helpless as a stricken mechanized patrol, particularly when it is stranded in the desert. Even a new-born babe can bellow for help; but patrols can't.

"They had been trying to radio back to their base for help. But the same gentleman—most likely he was an Austrian or a German Democrat—had also tinkered with their radio.

"When we reached them the agnallies were desperately trying to track down the cause of the trouble. They had radio instruments spread around everywhere."

### ... QUESTIONS

"As best they could, they began to question us. How far was it to so-and-so? Had we seen any English soldiers? Where were we going? Where was the nearest water? And so on.

"Some of the questions we were deliberately unable to understand. None of our answers were very ac-

covering. Judging from what we told them they were practically surrounded by English patrols—over there, and there, and there—and they were miles and miles and miles from the nearest water.

"This made them sweat, because these boys aren't used to the wide open spaces.

"After a while we hiked off again—but not too far off. From a distance, we watched them. After two days we went off to a waterhole some miles away, filled up everything we could, and brought it back to them, making a great palaver about it.

"This dissolved whatever suspicions they might have harbored about us. They were getting pretty low by that time. And they wanted to know if we could lead them out."

### ... TO THE EAST

"Just for appointments, we haggled with them about the price but they were getting too weary and too scared to haggle much.

"It seemed that a couple of scouting planes had been out looking for them. But—probably because they were camped in the shade of a clump of palms—had passed over them some miles to the west without seeing them.

"We agreed to lead them out of it . . .

"They, of course, had to walk. When we started out, they loaded themselves up with water and food and rifles, and nearly everything else they could carry.

"But at the end of the first night's march there weren't many

of them who still had their rifles with them."

### ... WATER

"By a roundabout route, we took them first to the waterhole we had turned a couple of days earlier . . . that was after two days of hard marching.

"They fell on it like wolves on a paralyzed cow. They were getting into rather bad shape, now. The desert had given them a considerable belting for nearly a week—and only those who have been out here know just what a belting the desert can give you.

"But that was what we wanted. The more played out they were the less danger they would be to us. Because once or twice we almost made a slip that would have given away our identity.

"When we left that little oasis we headed them north-east.

"They made them a bit suspicious at first. But they were getting so fagged that it did not matter very much. They had certainly been toughened to desert conditions, but not toughened to hiking through the desert."

"So it was that, after five nights of marching—that is, they were marching, we were still riding our camels—we brought that patrol home.

"A British patrol, just leaving our base, took them in hand—and that was that. But the language! The things those Germans said about our percentage . . . I think they must, somewhere else, have met up with some other Australians . . ."

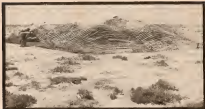
## DIGGERS DIGGING



NO PLEASANT DUTY IS THIS. Australian soldiers are here shown preparing graves for British dead on the fortified beach of Gazzkah.

# LIFE IN AUSTRALIAN TOBRUK

(Photographs from Department of Information)



Australian troops holding Tobruk, town which the most reckless onslaughts of Axis land and air forces have failed to dislodge them, have grown more proud of their ability to adapt themselves to strange conditions. They have learned to allow enemy planes to disrupt normal routine. Photo shows camouflaged gun in the outer defenses.



Another man-made obstacle of the outer defenses.  
Cairo, July, 1941. Page 24.



Members of the printing and camouflage department at work on a tin helmet.



COMFORTS. Boxes inside Gibraltar Army Headquarters.

Cairo, July, 1941. Page 25.



Half the troops has been destroyed regularly in the Tiberian area by members of the Front 2nd, shows undulating machine on the wheel.



These "Kilometer" areas, though of very simple design, serve to keep the troops at Tiberian equipped with food.



SIGH HERE. And the boys do it willingly, for this is just another example of how everything works on at Tiberian.



A day time patrol passes through the wire on the other side of the enemy's forward position.



Troops stroll through the town after a Nazi bombing raid.



Australians captured Nazi German prisoners during an enemy attack on British positions in the Turkish area.

Pencilink July 1941 Page 28



"Be up your top button, but they're pretty klarry larry around here!"

Cartoonist: Jule 1941 Page 28



"Oh, here! In this very spot! Breakfast in bed?"

# THE ORIENTAL TANGLE

*Fourth week of a monthly series  
on problems that confront the Pacific*

BY HARRY CIBB

To tell the truth about China of a few years back, is to risk bringing down a storm of abuse on the head of the chronicler. Critics have a comfortable habit of saying, "But all that is history. It is past and gone. Why do you have to drag that up again?"

If there is any other way of seeing the whole picture clearly, this writer would like to know about it. No art-critic would dream of judging the whole of a picture by examining one small corner.

So, the canvas of the Orient has to be looked at in a clear, white light, as a whole. Therefore, when I say that the China of a few years ago was reckless, relentless and barbaric in its treatment of foreigners, I am not saying it to be pro-Japanese, or to kick China, or to weep tears with the oppressed foreigners. I am saying it simply because that was the proven state of affairs.

If I say that communism in northern China (as pictured on farms) is a fine thing, likewise, I am not a Communist. Because Japan has brought progress, order, and a measure of security to millions of farmers in some areas of China, the reporting of that simple fact does not turn me into a Japanese agent, or publicist.

The teller of home-truths is

always up against this problem. For, if his facts do not agree with the settled ideas of some people, he is immediately accused of being pro this or anti that. In other words, he must be lying because his facts do not agree with their preconceived ideas.

Therefore, let it be understood that this writer is dealing in stern, hard facts—not in pet theories or ideas of his own.

It is no secret that Westerners got a bad time of it in China. They were collectively regarded as barbarians by the Chinese, and, with the Oriental's peculiar disregard for life, limb, and rights, were treated as such.

Only when foreign powers were in a position to supply military forces to protect their own people was that attitude abated somewhat. But foreigners beyond the protection of those forces, were still subject to high treatment, insult, torture, death and all the rest of it.

Thus, of course, was no fruit of the Chinese people. They were, and still are, a great illiterate mass, the strongest of whom somehow, miraculously managed to survive floods, taxes, bandits, famine and pestilence.

They were completely ignorant of the contents of civilization of the foreigners in their midst. They

know no more about us than we know about them. These white men, their educated minority had taught them, were simply insolent pigs who must be treated violently and wiped out where and when the opportunity arose.

China, therefore, was this educated, parasite class who snatched at bribes and taxes and swayed the masses.

This was evident right back in 1685, when Emperor Kang-hsi threw China's ports open to foreign trade, creating, at the same time, a customs department to collect taxes on that trade. This arrangement all but fell through since the tax-gatherers very soon learned the desecratory principles of diverting duties, bribes and taxes to their own pockets.

It became such a rump, in fact, that the Emperor—suddenly discovering that none of this silver was finding its way into his own coffers—appointed an Imperial Merchant. His organization was to be a sort of go-between which organized the Chinese sellers and wedged itself between them and the overseas traders, so that all trade must pass through their middleman hands.

Around 1715, the East India Company started to trade in China. The going was very hard indeed. China wanted to sell everything—at ridiculously high prices—and buy next to nothing—at ridiculously low prices. Furthermore, they backed up this principle with violence and resentment.

This Imperial Merchant laid down the law to foreigners. Foreigners were not allowed beyond

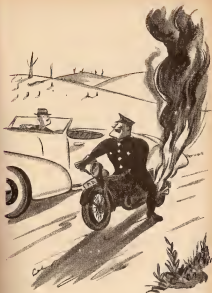
Canton (the only port at which foreign traders was allowed entry to China); they were not allowed to learn Chinese or teach English; they had to arrive at a specified time (during the tea season) and depart during that season; they could have no contact with Chinese officials, being conscriptible barbarians; if an unknown member of their crews or organizations committed a crime, someone had to be handed over for execution or punishment—anyone would do, it did not matter.

After putting up with this state of affairs for as long as it could, the East India Company pleaded for the support of its Government. So Lord Macartney was sent out to China with hundreds of cases of tributes for the Emperor and authority to establish diplomatic relations.

This got him nowhere. The Chinese Emperor, looking on all these gifts with a pleased and paternal eye, regarded the whole incident as an acknowledgment by Britain of China's superiority and a token of her subservience to China.

A few months later, the Emperor addressed a long and flowery message to the King of England, leading England's "action in having decided to bow itself before Chinese superiority," and winding up with a final sentence that said, "It is only because you have indicated that you are long and humbly prepared to obey that I address to you this Imperial Command."

It was not until 1834 that any further effort was made to bring China and Britain into closer trade-harmony. In that year Lord Napier was sent to China. His



"They, Buddy? Where's the Evil?"

job was purely that of a Trade Commissioner.

After his arrival, there was a great deal of terrorism against foreigners, and Lord Napier could do nothing about it. He himself died, and although some historians insist that he died as a result of injuries received at the hands of the Chinese mobs, it is practically impossible to substantiate the claim.

So it went. Even after China was beaten during what is called the Opium War, she still maintained an attitude of lofty superiority to the "foreign barbarians." To some extent this attitude was jolted along, if not encouraged by Britain, because it did not hurt anyone and caused least trouble at home.

This went on for years with frequent outbreaks of rising violence, cruelty, high-handedness, and all the rest of it until, in 1857, European troops took Canton.

In 1860, an exchange of Ministers was arranged. A British Minister was permitted to represent his country in Peking, and a Chinese Minister was sent to London. But a lot of blood had been shed before that treaty was signed.

British and other foreigners were no longer to be addressed, or regarded as "barbarians." Officially, they became *haijin* beings.

From that point onwards, the whole situation began to develop slowly. Things began to get better all round.

It was natural that, with the slow increase of trade, foreigners would start to look round for property on which to erect residences, offices, etc., of their own. They wanted to form their own "col-

onies," as little groups of foreigners do all over the world, wherever they are thrown together.

In China this was more than usually necessary, since it was impossible for Europeans to accept residence or business quarters in the venom-ridden, evil-smelling native cities.

For this purpose, land—after a lot of fuss—was bought up by the representatives of various nations, offices, buildings, drainage, and other social services were organized, with the eventual result that foreign Settlements or Concessions began to spring up.

All this land was paid for—usually at very high prices—and developed, furnished, etc., by taxation of the Settlement residents.

One word concerning the so-called Opium War. It is frequently said, wrongly, by friends Communists and just-pee politicians that Britain fought that war with China to preserve to herself the right of importing opium into China.

Although it is impossible here to go into all the many facts and incidents which led up to that war—there are enough of them to fill many large-sized volumes—it can be briefly said that nothing is further from the truth.

Britain fought that war on one basic issue only—the right of foreigners—provided they behaved themselves—to live in peace and trade fairly with the Chinese in China.

There are a great many side issues which cloud this main point; but none of them can over-ride that main point.

It is not claimed by anyone that British traders were the white angels of commerce, any more than were the Dutch (who began the importation of opium into China), or the Portuguese, who diverted the traffic to wholesale proportions.

Not was this to be wondered at. In those days, China's idea of trade was to sell everything she could to outsiders and buy nothing from them at all. Because of this policy, hundreds of ships were coming into Chinese ports with empty holds.

When someone dropped onto the idea that opium, smuggled into China at a very good profit (after all the Chinese authorities had extracted their maximum tribute in "squeeze") would help to make up this deficit, the trade began.

As might be expected, it was

that traffic which brought things to a head.

Britain's government issued a general, grave warning to all her merchants and ships not to back Chinese anti-opium laws. If they did, the British Government could not be responsible for the consequences.

But still the trade continued.

It was an unprofitable business to bring empty ships to China. If China would take imports that would cancel out the necessity for bringing opium. Merchants would have neither the time nor inclination to worry about the traffic.

Basically, the Opium War had little to do with opium. It was a pure and simple question of fair, free trade, as are so many wars.

## Dangerous Men

Born passed around in Whitehall is a copy of a memorandum by the Commander-in-Chief of the German Army in the last war. It reads:—

"I divide my officers into four classes as follows: The clever, the industrious, the fool, the stupid. Each officer should possess two of these qualities."

"Those who are clever and industrious I appoint to the General Staff. Use can under certain circumstances be made of those who are stupid and lazy."

"The man who is clever and lazy qualifies for the hardest leadership posts. He has the requisite nerves and the mental clarity for difficult decisions."

"But whosoever is stupid and industrious must be got rid of for he is too dangerous."

Charles Gurney, in *Daily Mail*, London.



Since public ridicule of the English "bush lore" has had an untold effect, the Marchioness of Reading, chairman of the Women's Auxiliary Service, announced that special listeners would be provided by her organization for those who wanted to talk about their experiences.—*Newsweek*, U.S.A.



# BRITAIN'S CRUCIAL BATTLE

WILLSON WOODSIDE

*Can the Dreyfusians replace the tonnage ship  
pays losses before the food supply breaks down?*

Out on the vast stretches of the Atlantic is being waged the bloodiest, most merciless and most unpublished phase of the present war—perhaps also the most important, although unrecognized as such by the majority, because of its very unobtrusiveness.

Food supplies from abroad are the mainstay of the unself-sufficient British Isles, whether carried in tramp vessels or proud ocean liners. It is the number of these vessels actually reaching harbor which will decide whether Britain can maintain her precarious life-line across the Atlantic.

In the third year of the last war German naval officials confidently predicted the immediate collapse of Great Britain due to the ruinous destruction of her merchant marine. In this, the second year of the present war, Nazi officials are jubilant over reported success in the campaign against merchant shipping. Recently, within the space of 48 hours, the German Admiralty triumphantly announced to the world the sinking of 224,000 tons of British shipping!

That is why this great Battle on the Atlantic may be the great offensive which Hitler has been promising Great Britain for many months. The blitz is the Balkans, the affair in the Mediterranean—

although these may be more spectacular from a news point of view than cold figures of ship sinkings—may only be devices of Hitler to spread Britain's fleet thin over a large area and thus be able to strike a fatal blow at her shipping.

At the onset of the war Great Britain had 18½ million tons of ocean-going shipping, plus 1½ million tons which she had acquired or seized from Denmark, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Norway and Holland. The four million tons of splendid Norse merchant marine—the most up-to-date in the world—was an especially valuable acquisition. Of this total of 27 million tons, over five million tons, or one fifth, have already been sent to the bottom. During 1941, Britain will have to reckon with the loss of an additional four or five million tons.

But these figures do not tell the whole story, for they cover only sinkings; they do not include damage. Collisions of destroyers on duck nights, or lighting of bombs on convoys may cause escort craft and freighters to come limping into harbors where they may be laid up for repair during several weeks or months. As much as two million tons of damaged shipping must be discounted from the total. All the while, docks and shipyards are sub-



ject to a perpetual, relentless barrage on the part of German bombing planes. These attacks have been intensified in fury during the past few weeks and may be expected to be prosecuted with increasing vigor during the forthcoming summer months.

How long can Britain stand up against this terrific onslaught on her mercantile shipping? Where will she seek replacements to make good her losses? What devices and weapons has she developed to combat this wanton and wholesale destruction?

By putting together various estimates of reputable people, and President Roosevelt's disclosure in his "National Emergency" broadcast, it seems that Britain can replace about one-third of her losses at present, and that her merchant ship-building is proceeding at the rate of 100,000 tons a month.

In order to simplify the task of replacement, a few standardized designs for freighters have been developed, including a pre-fabricated design for a big, slow and simplified vessel, stripped of all unnecessary trimmings. This simplification will make it possible to do much of the preparatory work in inland engineering works, thus protecting ship-building against the damaging dock air-raids.

Two hundred and sixty of these large pre-fabricated designs (two and one-half times larger than the average ship sunk up to date) are now being rushed through in the United States, and recently a member of the Marine Commission pronounced that this programme would be doubled. Before the end of the

year the first batch will be completed and ready for service; the second batch should be completed next year.

The fate of the Empire may conceivably hang upon the output of American shipping-yards. If all goes well, one million tons are expected to be sent forth this year, with well over two million tons by next year, and perhaps five millions in 1943. Much depends on the ability of Britain to weather Nazi attacks these coming months until United States shipbuilding can throw the balance definitely on the British side.

Against a probable loss of four or five million tons of shipping in 1943, the most optimistic estimate of replacements—combining the effort of both United States and British shipways—will hardly come to more than two and one half million tons, with a possible output of four million tons in 1942.

This still leaves a considerable gap between ships sunk and possible replacements—a gap that may mean a serious supply shortage to Britain unless it can be filled from other possible sources.

Where can Britain look for additions to her merchant marine? Already the United States has transferred to Great Britain since the commencement of the war some 1,660,000 tons, and it is not likely that she can spare more of her own ocean-going shipping, as she requires it to haul vital raw materials such as rubber and tin from far-off Singapore, and also to take care of her considerable trade with South America.

Under the Lend-Lease arrange-

ment about fifty old-timers have been scraped together for early transfer to Great Britain; another one hundred and fifty new engaged in coastal trade may be made available. Altogether that would make an additional half-million tons—a reinforcement not to be sneezed at!

There was still another source of mercantile shipping. That was the 185,000 tons of foreign tonnage now held in American harbors—14 Norwegian, 14 Danish, 27 Italian, 11 Dutch, 13 French, 7 Belgian, 2 Romanian and 2 German ships—a total of 113. This good tonnage was made available for transportation of American arms to Great Britain recently following sabotage attempts by the crews of many.

While dock-workers in the shipbuilding yards are working overtime to produce adequate shipping, on the cold bleak wastes of the Atlantic Britain's armory sailors are risking their lives in the ghastly fight against Germany's submarines. The odds against them appear to be terrific.

Since Germany has no convoys to protect, she can concentrate on attacking British merchant shipping. Lurking in every harbor on the European coast from Norway to Bordeaux are men of deadly German submarines, ready to slip out from their convenient bases to go foraging on the Atlantic. Germany's scarcity of submarine bases in the last war necessitated a long, dangerous passage of several days before the subs. were within striking distance; in this present war, however, the conquest of the coastal countries has facilitated the task

of German U-boats.

With closer bases, Germany is also using smaller submarines requiring only five to ten men to operate. In the last war when the British sank a submarine they knew they had drowned 30 or 40 irreplaceable men. But to-day smaller, more easily-handled subs. make the problem of replacement a much simpler one for the Nazis.

Similarly, closer air bases in Norway, France and Belgium have extended the striding range of the Luftwaffe by thousands of miles.

On the other hand, British deprivation of many vital fish bases which she had in the last war offers an additional disadvantage to British hunters.

But the British are not too much worried. First, it may be said that actual technical progress against the submarine has advanced considerably, so witness the secret listening-devices and depth-charges with which all British hunters are equipped. Also, the air arm of the fleet is co-operating effectively with patrols and anti-air workers in British marine defence.

The R.A.F. has not been slow in raiding Brest, Lorient and other ports along the coast from France to Norway. These raids are directed primarily against the German U-boat bases on the coast.

From London comes the disturbing report that six hundred new German U-boats are about to take to the sea-lanes in an intensification of this merciless, murderous campaign. How are the British going to fight off this insidious new threat to their shipping?

They have an answer ready, and

a substantial one it is, for now comes a new stage in escort craft—the handy little ship, the corvette, “toughest little warship afloat,” designed to stand up in howling gales, blinding blizzards and the sickening pitch of Atlantic rollers.

The corvette has proved that it can “take it.” It’s simplified, compact, easily and quickly built. Costing only one-tenth as much as a destroyer, it is stripped down to the bare essentials, carries no expensive gadgets, and requires only one-third of the crew to operate (10 to 49 men). Short, a little over half the length of a destroyer, it displaces about 400 tons and has a speed of 20-25 knots (only about half that of a destroyer).

With fewer guns, less speed and armor than a destroyer, you can build ten corvettes for the cost of a destroyer—and after all, it’s

numbers that count when screening a boat against U-boat attack! The corvette carries only a couple of 4-inch guns, has multiple pom-poms for anti-aircraft and two depth-charge throwers. No squabbles or tendency to seasickness can be tolerated in the sailors on corvettes, for with the slightest swell, the corvette rolls and the men have to hang on and “take it.”

With the simplification of its design, the corvette can be turned out under pressure at the rate of one a month from a single ship-building sling. Canada alone has 10 corvettes under construction, while Britain will build two or three hundred of these anti-sub. vessels “sooner than most people would think.” Thus the corvette may well play a decisive role in changing the entire convoy situation out in the western approaches to the British Isles.

—Saturday Night, Canada.

## A Man of Vision

Four years ago, just about the time when the world went off the Rhine was watching the news of the oil-drum strikes in Persia and of Mrs. Edward Simpson in England, a dark-skinned, bearded, wiry little man organized the rostrum of the League of Nations in the City of Geneva and made one of the most amazing prophecies of the decade.

All around him, he announced, he saw the representatives of countries that were certain to fold up before long. An exile and an emperor without an empire, he felt sorry for them, he said, even more than he did for himself. His, at least, he expected, was ready to show his Mohr windfall. His conscience was clear. It was not his fault that a barbed-wire warrior was no match for a diving plane. But—the little man raised his voice—did the gentlemen of the League realize that what had happened in Ethiopia was a mere rehearsal, and that they had sealed their own doom the day they let Mussolini's mechanized columns roll into Addis Ababa?

The gentlemen of the League applauded politely. They were utterly unimpressed. That poor, pathetic little Semite! The idea of his playing Anytus, head of all the well-organized, well-prepared European countries—Frederick Van Ryen in Red Book, U.S.A.



Next window, please!

# THERE IS HOPE FOR CRIPPLES

ALFRED LEROY

*None of these ladies were no detriment for one man whose leader none him smooth and hospitable*

"To-day, with a large part of the world at war," says Alfred Leroy, "my narrative has special significance. When this strife ends there will be thousands of men facing life with physical problems similar to those that have confronted me. I am relating my tale in the hope that I may contribute something to the new total of human welfare."

I remember seeing the train car tearing swiftly down upon me. Then the world seemed to come to an end!

Many days later I regained consciousness to find myself in a hospital ward. My toes seemed to be stinging, and instinctively I reached down to scratch them. Then the terrible fact dawned upon me; I had no left arm—only a stump hanging below the elbow! But I knew my other hand was intact, because I could see it lying across my chest. I therefore sought my toes with my right hand, only to discover that from the hips down the bed was empty!

The shock rendered me unconscious for a week. Finally, after many weeks in hospital I was given five dollars and turned out on to the streets of San Francisco. All the surgical ease and nursing I had received had only sufficed to save a

miserable, crippled beggar who could do nothing but roll or crawl.

What could I go? What could I do? I was a stranger in a strange land, barely able to speak the language of the people around me. I had arrived in San Francisco only a short while ago from my native city of Budapest in Hungary and had been making a humble living as a street newsboy. I was without friends, without money and now without the slightest hope or purpose in life.

An abortive attempt at suicide by poisoning landed me once more in hospital. When I was ready to leave I fared far better than I had done the first time. The doctor who took care of me was a magnificent fellow. He had me brought into his office in a wheel-chair and then he talked to me for an hour.

He told me about a man called Jack Harding whose legs he had amputated some years ago. "At the time," the doctor said, "he cursed me for not letting him die but he doesn't feel that way now. Not long ago I had dinner with him at his home. After his accident he hadn't a penny to his name. But to-day he owns a business that yields an income of fifty thousand dollars a year. He has a beautiful home, a lovely wife, two sons, and two daughters. Do you think Jack

Harding would want to trade his brain for some other fellow's foot? I believe you have the qualifications to do what he has done, and so I have arranged for you to meet him."

An hour later Mr. Harding came meeting into Dr. Edwards's office. He was a "half-man" like me, but was on wheels. He rode around on a little wooden platform attached to his body and mounted on roller skate wheels, propelling himself by pushing on the ground with a pair of leather pads held in his hands. His face wore a smile, obviously he didn't feel sorry for himself.

Very soon after meeting him I began to get a new outlook on life.

"Come along with me," he said. "My car is outside. Be my guest for a few weeks, and I'll teach you a lot of things I had to learn by hard knocks. We'll soon have you fixed so you can go out into the world, keep your chin up, and make your own way in life."

Jack Harding, I discovered, was skilled at almost any kind of mechanical job. In the garage at his home he had a workshop with a low-built bench to compensate for his lack of legs, and all sorts of tools. The first thing he did was to take me to this workshop, and several hours later I came thumping out on a roller-skate platform exactly like his own. I had also been provided with a clever wooden extension for the stump of my left arm.

Ever since then I've enjoyed better locomotion than any man will ever have on his own feet. I can travel in any pedestrian lane at 20

miles an hour and do it all day without getting tired. I can jump an 18-inch curb, and swing on or off a street car in less time than the average able-bodied passenger.

In two months Jack Harding accomplished just what he said he was going to do—restored my will to live and made my own way in the world undaunted by physical handicap. The only immediate thing I could do to earn a living, however, was to return to my old job of selling newspapers in the streets.

As a legless, one-armed newsboy I soon discovered certain things I had never known before. The most startling discovery was the ease with which I could now dispose of my papers. People seemed to come from far and near to buy from me, and very frequently they would say, "You may keep the change."

On such earnings I could live comfortably, but I wasn't at all happy about the position. I was riding in this cash because I was nothing more or less than a crippled beggar, trading upon public sympathy. The thought gnawed at my very soul. I felt degraded and demoralized.

Occasionally a certain well-dressed gentleman stopped to buy a paper from me, but he never told me to keep the change. One day he bent down to my a few words: "Young man, doesn't it gall you when someone buys a threepenny paper, hands you a dime, and says, 'Keep the change?'"

On my emphatic reply in the affirmative, he went on, "If you care to come to my office some

day, I'll endeavor to show you how you can earn money without soliciting business on the basis of sympathy. Here's my card; ring me up at your leisure." Before I could say another word he was gone.

I looked at the card; it read: Mr. Clifford Jen, President Bank of the West, Los Angeles.

Three days later I skated through the palatial corridors of the huge Los Angeles banking institution, escorted by armed guards, to the president's private office. I spent the greatest part of the day with him and received practical advice from a successful man who, for no reason other than his own kindness, had taken a sort of fatherly interest in me.

Acting on Mr. Jen's suggestion, I returned to Los Angeles, entered a trade school, and trained to become a locksmith. Later, I borrowed a hundred dollars from him with which to finance the opening of my own shop. I have now been operating that establishment for 21 years. I've made a million keys and repaired countless locks for people who to this day don't even know that I lack an arm and a couple of legs. They never see me except when I'm sitting behind my workbench, where, by keeping the stump of my left arm out of sight, I give them no inkling of my physical handicaps. I do what they want, and they pay me for it. They do not come because they feel sorry for me and want to help me.

From a "crippled beggar" I became a useful member of the social order, thus ridding myself of an ever-increasing "inferiority complex" and restoring my self-respect.

My business was a complete success. I saved as much as I could, investing it under the expert guidance of Mr. Jen. At the same time I had enough money to live well.

It was when I first became a motorist, however, that I really began to appreciate life. I bought a motor-cycle and sidecar and fitted it with the necessary special controls enabling me to drive while riding in the side-car. With this and half a dozen other such outfits, I did about a million miles of touring in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Later I bought my first motor car, which was followed by others, and have covered another million miles in North America, Europe and Australia.

All these various machines had to be stored to allow me to handle them, but this was little more than a matter of detail. And my handicaps gave me some advantages. For example, because my height is only 2 feet 11 inches, I can sleep as comfortably on the seat of my car as any ordinary man in a double bed.

In a new coupe, I set out, before the war, to visit the old Europe of my boyhood. I covered 10,000 miles in England, Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, and Russia.

Returning to California, I was delighted to find that practically all my investments had sky-rocketed in value. This enabled me to begin planning a motor-tour of Australia.

I duly arrived in Sydney where I had some trouble with the immigration authorities until they real-

ized that I was perfectly able to take care of myself both financially and in other ways. During this tour I spent a week in Hawaii, a week in the Fiji Islands, and a fortnight in New Zealand.

Thanks to my investments, I now have an assured income that is ample for the remainder of my life, and I plan to return from business in 1945, when I shall have reached the age of 35. I have already selected my home-site—an acre of ground, overlooking Honolulu, Hawaii. Then I hope to build a home with furniture and fittings designed for my own peculiar requirements, and I shall spend the rest of my days reading, studying,

and thanking God for such blessings as I have been able to enjoy in spite of physical misfortune.

As I am a bachelor, and possess no surviving relatives, my last will and testament leaves everything I own to the Federal Treasury of the United States.

American democracy has given me every good thing I've ever known. Nowhere else—except under the British flag—could such a career as mine have been possible, and for this reason I can think of no better use for wealth than to dedicate it to the perpetuation of the only form of government under which life is worth living.

—Fate World, London.

## Defence Decentralisation

Although changing events may modify it, American rearmament embodies the most profound feature of the British and German methods as noted by our observers abroad. One of Hitler's first acts on assumption of authority was to radically reorganise all the forms of Germany. Next he issued the order of mobilisation, supposedly for agricultural uses. In 1937 there arrived on these mechanised farms carefully packed crates. The rural population was informed that these contained machinery designed to establish a vast toy industry throughout the countryside. But they were also warned not to open them until instructions from Berlin appeared to teach them the use of the tools.

Shortly before the invasion of Poland, the instructions bobbed up, the crates were opened, and the contents turned out to be all kinds of machine tools—an automatic screw machine, a deep fence a drill or punch press. These were set up in barns, sheds, even in homes, and the farmers were shown how to operate them. Next came supplies of semi-finished materials. The rural mechanics were now taught how to make a rivet on a plate for a tank or airplane part, or how to rough-drill a hole in a connecting rod.

These articles then flowed from one farm to another and so on, each farmer performing a specialised bit of work. Previous planning, management supervision and good tools insured smooth operation of what was in reality, a rural assembly line. The finished parts were assembled in small and well-hidden barns. It did not provide British efficiency, but it gave Dr. Goebbels mastery of the air when he finally broke loose.

American Legion Magazine, U.S.A.



# CAVALCADE

Presents

## THE BALANCED REVIEW

### Editorial ☆☆☆

Urgently needed in Australian schools and public life is a greater general knowledge of international politics.

Over past years, Australians have had little interest in anything outside sport. They had—and still have—no viewpoints on international politics, no interest in them, no desire to be interested.

Painfully obvious is this during radio news quiz-seconds. At these seasons, it has become apparent that the average volunteer does not know the meanings of such words as *Lebensraum*, *Pacem*, etc., that he is even hopelessly misled about the geographical position of countries, is lost in the naming of the capitals of these countries, knows next to nothing of important, current historical events.

In short, a large percentage of Australian volunteers are, apparently, going off to fight for a bunch of slogans and catch-words.

CAVALCADE is first to admit that, since the war's outbreak, there has been a greatly increased popular interest by Australians in political events, that more-and-more

people have ideas concerning the basis on which they consider this post-war world of ours should be planned. That many of these ideas are crude matters not at all; that they are exceeding the minds of Australians is the important, healthy fact.

But that is not enough. If this Commonwealth is to take its place among the mature nations of the world, it must become international-minded.

For a start, it could do no harm to encourage the men of its fighting forces to dig into recent history, inspect the facts one by one which led us into our present mess, study the diplomatic, economic and political moves that have been made since the war's outbreak, discover why and how they were made.

A live-wire Government would produce text-books and arrange lectures for this purpose. For, these things we *must* know if we are to be fitted to participate in the planning of the New World.

Ignorance — man-ignorance — which leads to wars, social misery, economic conflicts must be buried

deep with the dead past.

To have a future of peace and plenty, we must first be worthy of that future—we must plan it and mould it with our own hands and brains.

Nor must this schooling stop with the fighting forces. God forbid! It must find its way into our schools, our homes.

Said Brian Penton in *Think—or Be Deceived*: "Many pupils leave school under the impression that history stopped about the time of the Boer war." Geography—the subject which should demonstrate the people's relation economically to the world he lives in, and particularly to the land he lives in . . . as taught in this country demonstrates nothing except the fact that countries are shaped differently and have capital cities . . .

"The Australian Council for Educational Research recently circulated to 54 schools in New South Wales and Victoria a questionnaire setting out more than twenty of the chief problems on which the Australian citizen needs to have an intelligent opinion. The problems

mentioned ranged from the White Australia Policy and the Pacific to the meaning of democracy, Australia's unpopulated areas, and international relations.

"On the last item, 11 out of 54 schools said that the present curriculum was of no assistance at all, 22 said of slight assistance, only three said it helped them to provide adequate information and around the minimum interest needed for good citizenship.

Fifty per cent answered 'slightly' to the question on Australia's unpopulated areas, only about 20 per cent 'adequate.' Twenty-five out of the 54 schools reported no information on the history of communism. Only 18 out of 54 found that the curriculum gave them an adequate opportunity to enlighten the young on the meaning of democracy . . . on the Pacific only 7, on the monetary system only 11 . . ."

Yet these—to-morrow's Australian men and women—will some day be expected to plot the course of their country, perhaps to voice their opinions and take part in world-reorganisation . . .

The Balanced Review is from the magazine, the latest part of 'The Review'. Its aim, generally to be interesting, its latests are Australia's interests and the preservation of peace in the Pacific. It is a carefully built-in history of national questions and emphatically against the screening of internationalism.

# The Pacific



## ... FOOTSTEPS

There was plenty of activity last month all over the Pacific region.

In the U.S., smiling, fluff-stuffed President Roosevelt made several important steps that helped give the American high-ups on Germany, brought American intervention in Europe's greatest war closer and closer.

As clear, decisive, clean-cut as footprints in snow were those steps in which President Roosevelt committed his country. They could be seen to lead the American in one very definite direction—towards outright participation in that war.

In the Pacific's north-west corner, Japan was scratching a worried hand. Very badly, she wanted more and more goods from Malaysia—more rubber, tin, oil.

At home, too, there was considerable difficulty. As ever, fire-side firebrands were breathing smoke and flame, threatening that things would go very badly indeed with the United States if that country jumped in with Britain.

But responsible Japanese were cagey. Although their fighting Services were by no means flat out in China, they were not anxious for large-scale trouble anywhere else. They thought that, rather than give out a lot of fighting-talk all over the place, it might be better to sit tight for a while and worry out the European situation where, according to their diplomatic despatches, things were not too

bright between Germany and Russia.

There were a lot of things to consider. For, if Russia was as strong as was generally thought, and was looking for a fight with Germany (as the despatches seemed to be indicating), and was helped by Britain and the U.S.—if all this was coming up with the clouds that were gathering along the Russo-German border—that war of Europe's might be over before you knew where you were.

In that case, Japan might find herself sitting on one end of a badly broken Axis—as isolated fragment loved by no one.

Therefore, it would be better all round just to sit still and see what happened. This course, Japanese moderates both inside and outside the Japanese Government, recommended.

These moderates—more numerous and powerful than is generally believed—seized on the depressing Russo-German situation some weeks back, using it to make some points of their own.

Their idea: If the Axis went down, Japan would have to start off afraid, on a new footing of international relationships. Unless she wanted to live in a Democratic world that regarded her solely for her Axis sympathies, she would have to change her ways. The action programme, they argued, was to lie low for a while, watch the way the wind was blowing, then,

maybe, by a few kites—possibly a tentative peace-line towards the U.S.A. and Britain would make a good start.

## ... EMERGENCY

Best news to bitter-bound Britons in many a war-weary month was President Roosevelt's announcement, at May's end, that he was putting his country on a war footing right away.

All over the world, many millions of people listened to pronouncement that the U.S.A. now embraced a state of Unlimited National Emergency.

Advertised as a Fire-and-Chief, it had none of the peaceful, quiet, philosophy associated with such a chief. Rather it was grave, forceful, inflammatory.

In a slow tempo of measured words, thickset President Roosevelt squarely placed all this world's troubles where they belonged—in Germany's lap. He made no bones about the troubles Germany might cook up in the future—particularly for his own United States.

Deployed he: "Some people seem to think that we are not attacked until bombs actually drop on New York, or San Francisco, or New Orleans, or Chicago. But they are simply shutting their eyes to the lessons we must learn from the fate of every nation the Nazis have conquered . . ."

. . . Cracked he: "When your enemy comes at you in a tank or bombing plane, if you hold your fire until you see the whites of his eyes you will never know what he is up to . . ."

At great length, he spoke of some potential danger-spots from which his United States could be Nazi-

menaced: "Most of the supplies for Britain go by the northern route, which comes close to Greenland and the nearby island of Iceland. Germany's heaviest attack is on that route. Nazi occupation of Iceland or bases in Greenland would bring the war close to our continental shores . . ."

"Equally, the Azores and Cape Verde Islands, if occupied or controlled by Germany, would threaten endanger the freedom of the Atlantic and our own physical safety . . . They would provide a springboard for an actual attack against the integrity and independence of Brazil and her neighboring Republics."

Plain as the rose on your face was the implication that the time would soon come, perhaps, when the Americas must do something about those plague-pots.

Meantime, there were more immediate matters. Right in their midst, and he, were a few games that must be liquidated . . . "There is, of course, a small group of secret patriotic men and women whose real passion for peace has shut their eyes to the ugly realities of international banditry and to the need to resist it at all costs."

"I am sure they are embarrassed by the massive support they are receiving from the enemies of Democracy in our midst—the Bandits, Fascists, Communists, and every group devoted to bigotry and racial and religious intolerance . . ."

Concerning freedom of the sem, too, he had something to say:

" . . . all freedom—I mean the freedom to live, and not the freedom to conquer and subjugate

other peoples—depends on the freedom of the seas.

"All American History—the North, Central and South American history—has been inevitably tied up with these words—freedom of the seas."

American citizens were to remember all these words a couple of short weeks later, when things began pepping. For it was not long before President Roosevelt started to demonstrate that he was not fooling.

## ... HAPPENINGS

He had spoken of danger-spots—Greenland, Azores, etc. Within no time at all, he had pulled a big American liner off its luxury-cruise run, cast it shattering to port to be rigged up as a transport. At same time, he gave orders that two divisions were to be rapidly equipped, completely fitted out—one of marines, one of infantry. Although no one outside Washington's innermost circles knew when this obviously expeditionary force was headed, it was not being hurriedly prepared for nothing.

After that, President Roosevelt sat pat, but not quiet, for a while. To fill in time, (1) he approved a plan whereby 3,000 British-Dominion pilots and navigators would be trained in the U.S., (2) grabbed over 40 foreign ships lying around American harbors, (3) arranged for power to be granted whereby private property could be taken over by the State at a moment's notice for defense purposes, (4) upped and speeded American defense-works in Greenland, (5) introduced a system of strike-breaking by military action,

(6) put on pressure and speed in his aid-to-Britain programme, (7) made 3,000,000 tons of cargo-shipping available to Britain.

Not long after his speech, however, did Americans have to wait for the sparks to begin to fly. In less than a fortnight they were to remember their President's remarks about Freedom of the Seas.

For, on June 10, they learned that one of their ships (*Robert Moor*) had been sunk by a German U-boat, its 40 passengers left to drift about the Atlantic for two or three weeks before, luckily, they were picked up.

In a subsequent message to Congress, President Roosevelt lambasted Germany right and left, demanded compensation, reviled that country for its high-seas tactics.

Furied he: "The sinking of this American ship by a German submarine flagrantly violated the right of United States vessels freely to navigate the seas, subject only to belligerent rights as accepted under international law. This . . . does not include the right deliberately to sink a merchant vessel, leaving the passengers and crew to the mercy of the elements."

"Our Government believes that freedom from cruelty and inhuman treatment is a natural right. It is not an act of grace to be given or withheld at will by those temporarily in a position to exert force over a defenseless people. . . ."

While the Americans people looked on, they saw an angry protest sent to Berlin. They saw their President ask for 100,000,000 dollars to be voted by Congress so that 24 auxiliary naval ships could be

bought—obviously to guard American shipping.

Once again, their President's words about fifth-columnists rang in their ears, as they rang when he made his Furside Chat . . . " . . . the enemies of Democracy in our midst . . ."

For, less than three weeks after his speech, he was on the tail of these enemies. Lightning-quick, he descended on the 152 German consulate in the U.S., ordering them to pack their traps and go home within the month, addressing a Note to Berlin to that effect.

Barked that Note: "It has come to the knowledge of the Government that agents of the German Reich in this country, including the German Consular establishments, have been engaged in activities wholly outside the scope of their legitimate duties."

"These activities have been of an improper and an unwarranted character. They render the continued presence in the United States of these agencies and consular establishments inimical to the welfare of this country."

Cur to the quick, with an air of injured innocence, both Axis partners drew the horns of their shorns about them, demanded the withdrawal of U.S. Consular officials from Axis Europe.

In view of all this, everyone asked everyone else to create a mid-passage for the hovering Consuls and staffs, be they German, Italian, American, or what not.

Meantime, however, the U.S. Government had earned things a step further. Without pausing for breath, and before Germany and Italy could get seethy about the

Consular twist-up, President Roosevelt froze (i.e., snatched) all German and Italian assets in the United States.

Not only were German and Italy included in this order, but also Soviet Russia, Switzerland, Sweden, Finland, Portugal, Spain—who could, however, unless their assets provided they gave guarantees that they would not fall into Axis hands.

Still pouting a snap or two behind, Germany and Italy retaliated by freezing, between them, about \$114,000,000 worth of American assets in their countries.

Altogether, President Roosevelt's United States had a busy month of it—a month which brought that country perilously close to war—so close, in fact, that many Americans could already feel the hot breath of Europe's furnaces on their cheeks.

Pile-plain was the fact that there would be no more shilly-shallying from that part of the world. The Americans had one foot in the war, the other on a roller-blaze.

Said Naval Secretary Colonel Knorr at Montreal, on June 17, putting the situation into clear, irrefragable words: "The people of the United States are now at the 'very hour of their decision,' such as this country (Canada) had to make in relation to the war."

"The exact declaration of the President left no doubt that the United States is determined to travel along that same self-respecting route in relation to that war which you are travelling."

"President Roosevelt meant just what he said—that the United States will not stand idly by while Germany defeats your Empire."



# International



## Europe

### ... SACKS

At June's end, Europe's newest, most unorthodox war of all time took its screwiest turn. Like a slip-track game of sacks-on-the-mill is this Greater War.

From time-to-time the belligerents fall on each other as a hot, raw, rearrange themselves, fall suddenly again in a different pattern.

France, Britain's erstwhile ally, is now fighting Britain. Russia, Britain's erstwhile enemy, is now fighting by her side. Poland, Britain's erstwhile protegee, has been unstruck by its exiled Government to fight against Germany (who grabbed most of Poland) on the side of Russia (who grabbed the rest).

In opening headlines with Soviet Russia, Germany has stuck strictly to her usual methods, strictly to her proven plan. The system of isolating, dividing, ruling which she has pursued since the war began.

### ... SUMMARY

Reasons for the attack are these: (1) Germany felt safe enough in launching the attack against Russia. She had isolated Turkey (with a non-aggression pact), felt she could safely leave the British forces to cool their heels in North Africa and the Middle East until she had time to deal properly with them. Meantime, she had thrown enough troops into North Africa to hold British aspirations there in check.

(2) Germany could not safely drive to Spain. In her way stood Turkey. To strike towards Spain from Greece meant thrusting through Turkey, or around. In any drive against Turkey, Russia would have had something to say (since Turkey's Dardanelles are important to Comrade Stalin). This meant that Germany would have to fight Turkey, Russia, and Britain in that area.

(3) Only other means available of getting to Syria was across Turkey—since the distance from Greece to Syria was too great for an air-borne invasion—across the Black Sea, across Russia's Caucasus. But because Russia's oil is concentrated in this region, Russia would not permit German troops there.

(4) Germany could not safely attack Britain while Russia was still standing along the Russo-German frontier. This would be in open invitation to trouble while her face was turned seaward towards the British Isles.

For Russia knew very well that, sooner or later, she must go to war with Germany—if only on the hazy-proved principle that two great nations cannot sleep peacefully side by side, perhaps never will be able to.

(5) Germany had to have—as every commander in the world (except German) has pointed out—more oil and grain. War had disrupted her own harvesting and that of all occupied nations. War had eaten into her oil reserves.

(6) Germany could not tolerate the continued, menacing existence of a powerful and growing Russia on her doorstep during her forthcoming struggle with combined Anglo-American effort and/or forces.

This struggle itself would take every ounce of effort Germany could muster. The Russian threat would be an impossible, extra burden when that day arrived.

### ... RUSSIAN EYES

From Russia's point of view, all this was clear. Shrewdly, she had summed up all these points, knew that, for these reasons, Germany could never trust her. Therefore, she:

(1) began to do a little planning of her own. No great re-arrangement was it to her that Germany was slowly throwing a great, iron ring of encirclement around the Soviet Union. If and when Germany reached India, that ring would be very tight indeed, very hard to break.

(2) Under these circumstances, Russia would have to fight alone, since Britain (if she intended to help—a fine point—would not be able to get help, economic or military, through to her. So the ring had to be broken before it got too tight.

(3) Right well she knew that Germany's crow-cunning High Command was concentrating German divisions along the frontier. But by bit, she reinforced her own divisions, softly got them into fighting-trim.

### ... GERMAN EYES

Thus, Fuehrer Adolf ("This is my last territorial claim") Hitler,

began pulling tracks out of his medicine bag, knowing full well that he could trust sequacious Duce Benito ("War is the natural state of the people") Mussolini to fall in behind, and Herr Rudolf ("I have come to save humanity") Hess to handle Britain. His tracks:

(1) First up, he tried to isolate Russia from Tory Britain by pointing his forthcoming war with Russia as an ideological Nazi war on Communism.

This fell piecemeal flat. Germany's Government outjudged the unpredictable British opinion again as to the war's outbreak.

(2) Isolated Turkey from Russia, by coming to a non-aggression agreement with Turkey's post-collecting government, providing they got something out of it—oil, loans, neutrality, trade-plums, etc.

(3) Sent enough Indo-German troops to Africa to hold the British there for the time being.

(4) Sent Deputy Hess to Britain to test British reaction to, (a) a German attack on Russia under the guise of a war against Bolshevism, to be followed by (b) an alluring, reasonable-looking negotiated Anglo-German peace.

(5) Preparations to drive across Russia to the East, thus cutely encircling India, the Middle East, Turkey—each of which could be picked off at leisure. In such a position, Germany would be almost unassailable.

## England

### ... BONER

Although Germany is strong in arms, she is not so strong in prag-

ing British reactions. That, she should have realized, was proved at the war's beginning.

Said *The Insider* (October, 1939, p. 11): "In Europe's Greater War of 1939 onwards, Germany must secure herself far not ending the signs of sight. In late July, two Oppenheimish gentlemen, Herr Essaukier, former Minister to Prague, and Herr Voetoch, sometime German Ambassador to Tokyo, made their appearance in London, created a lot of wild speculation among observers and wild activity among Intelligence men, bedded themselves down at the German Embassy.

"Their business. To sound Whitehall out on the subject of Polish appeasement. Their error. One of human judgment. They made contacts with the Munichizing element, unified themselves (wrongly) that another appeasement plan would work, went home to report to their Fuehrer that all was well. . . ."

In other words, their assurance, together with that of van Babben-trap, was that Britain would not fight for Poland.

On this occasion, Germany was equally convinced that Britain would not fight with or for Soviet Russia. Again, they had not read the signs aright, for Britain, months back had smothered that path.

"Britain's Foreign Office docks had been closed for closer Anglo-Russian action," (*Insider*, January, 1941). "Anti-Soviet Lord Halifax had always stood solidly as the way of this (by sending him to U.S.A.).

"Into his shoes . . . has stepped handsome, immaculate Anthony Eden, who, during his last session

as Foreign Secretary, made a trip to Russia, which was hailed, even by Soviet leaders, as 'a most highly successful and friendly visit, giving promise to wider Anglo-Russian understanding'."

"In October (1940) only one newspaper announced the fact that a Russian military attaché had been appointed to London. That newspaper: *The Yorkshire Post*, owned by the Beckwith family into which Anthony Eden married, and which he has frequently used to express his views."

### ... EMISSARY

But Germany, hot-billed to diplomatic implications, saw none of this. To solid, stodgy German minds, Britain was still the Tory-riddled nation of appeasing Prussianizer Chamberlain's days.

Little doubt was there in their minds that Britain would drop Cossackist Russia like a hot cake if Germany agreed to make war on her.

Germany's diplomatic brain-trust, therefore, had no hesitation in sending Deputy Rudolf Hess off to Britain to let them know what was doing.

Hess' other job, as harbinger of the good news that Bolshevism would soon be wiped out by the angel-whore Nazi army: (1) to secure British inactivity during Germany's attack on Russia—Germany thought rare as eggs she could rely on at least that much from British Tories—and/or (2) a little underground help for Germany in her fight against Bolshevism, if that was possible; (3) to put before Britain a reasonable-

sounding offer of peace-with-honor (and to have contained details of how and to which nations Germany would give their freedom and independence) after Russia was beaten, providing Britain did either (1) or (2), or both.

Hess had surprised, therefore, was Herr Hess when the cards were turned up. For the fox-wily, double-crossing Britons accepted all his incriminating information tendered by Hess—who was pleased as Punch by all these preparations and apparent success of his mission.

Lightning-swift, however—once they had the story—the British then clipped him, into prison, doubtlessly presented Russia's Ambassador-to-London, bulky, heavy-headed diplomat Masky with the details, left Russia to draw its own conclusions.

So sure was Germany of a Tory reaction against Russia (as typified by Chamber's Mr. Cleeve in his broadcast reported opinion, 22nd June: "Russia and Britain have no community of objective. Russia's war is her own; ours is our own.")—that it was expected Rudolf Hess would be feted, kissed, provided with transport and man to take him home again.

After Hess was treated as crudely by the unpredictable British, Fuehrer Hitler's car was out of the bag, her perfidious plans in Russian hands.

His only alternative: To attack quickly, at soon as he could muster men along the frontier where, because they knew what was doing, Russia was already concentrating her men and machines, for—it seems—defensive purposes only.

## Germany

### ... PREPARATIONS

As far back as June, last year, there were signs that Germany might soon attack Russia.

Quoted *The Insider* (July, 1940, p. 4): "As I write this, fate of invasion is hanging over Britain. It is my opinion, however, that Germany will not attempt such an invasion unless or until the German Government is sure—or they are sure—that Russia will not make any more moves while their backs are turned.

"Furthermore, the idea is pretty strong in these parts that there will be some high doings in the Mediterranean before, and as a prelude to an invasion of Britain, based on all-round intensification of Indo-German submarine warfare."

### ... EVIDENCE

As far back as April, this year, evidence of an imminent Russo-German clash was piling up. Reported *Cassiopeia* (May, 1941, p. 67): "Germany's next move is likely to be a drive for Russia's Ukraine, according to some observers who have a nose for shrewdness. . . ."

"In short, at the Turkish border, German and Russian interests for the first time, began to clash in earnest. . . . As already mentioned, Germany's tactics are to take on only one action at a time—no scare, surprise, and take. If Russia says 'No further' to Germany, and means it, Fuehrer Hitler will find it a dangerous business to attack Turkey. . . ."

"The chances are, therefore, that if a Russo-German war becomes inevitable, Germany will probably make no bones about attacking Russia. . . ."

### ... PAINED AND HURT

Pained and hurt was Fuchser Hitler at, in his proclamation, he revealed that Britain and Russia had been working hand in hand in the Balkans during recent months.

Although Britain had denied this charge, it is not impossible that this denial was either in the nature of a diplomatic acrobatic.

For, back in May, 1940, reports were reaching London that some sort of Anglo-Russian shulduggery was going on in the Balkans. "No great bonum-pas with Britain with Russia," said *The Insider* (June, 1940, p. 6), "but that has never prevented countries working hand-in-glove when their parallel interests were threatened. . . ."

"Therefore, into Yugoslavia, armed with all the diplomatic munitions that could be summoned, went a small army of British agents, advisers, diplomats, to do some little steering of Yugoslav politics and policy. In other Balkan countries, too, went these men, telling the same story in a slightly different way, in entirely different tongue. . . ."

"The result: An approach by Yugoslavia, to Moscow, through Turkey, regarding the possibility of trade-tariff. . . ."

### ... ARMY-ANGLE

Came one report at Munich's end: "It might be interesting to watch the reactions of the German officers-chiefs."

"There are some queer reports

concerning the behavior of some of them since this Russo-German war began—instances of some sort of discontent."

"All information on the subject is, at the moment, very vague and unconfirmable; but it seems that they are not at all satisfied, and if Germany looks like suffering a bad reverse it is possible, according to my informant, that there will be some revolt and consequent chaos in military circles."

Doubly interesting is this, when read beside a dispatch published by *The Insider* in December, 1939.

Revealed *The Insider* on that date "Couple of weeks ago, in a report by the chief of Germany's secret Freedom Party, written inside Germany, smuggled out through a roundabout route, the classic Russo-German intrigue was dealt with in detail. Its revelation:

"It may be understood that Hitler is the figurehead of the German capitalists. They put him there. They want co-operation with England. Therefore, time and again, Hitler has craved for co-operation with England. . . ."

"Germany's army, however, wants — and recently got — co-operation with Russia. When, some months ago, the matter of a pact with Russia was being worked up, army chiefs anxiously made plans to shoot their Fuchser if he tried to over-ride them. On the other hand, capitalist chiefs who backed him are planning now to shoot him for not over-riding the Russian pact."

"German army generals are fighting for themselves only, and their class; and, from a military point of view Russia offers everything to their class. So they

would prefer greatly a brand of German Communism than a brand of German Democracy."

"It must not be thought that Hitler and his followers do not know this. They know it only too well; they know that, in war, the army has the upper hand. And they are deadly afraid. Germany wants a new hero, a new Hindenburg, and a new programme. And if the army can supply these in desperate times—and times are growing more desperate—it will be on top."

"Yes, Fuchser looked like a rising, national hero. . . . so was Fuchser was shot in Poland. . . ."

Cavalcade has no comment to add to this. It is possible that history will add the only comment necessary.

### Russia

### ... READY

That Russia was waiting, watchful, ready, does not need to be established.

As already pointed out, Ambassador Minsky was kept well up to date on all the latest doings, as and when Britain could uncover them.

Without a second thought, or a backward glance, Britain threw Hess on the Red Russian dogs. For, said Foreign Secretary Eden (24th June, 1941): "We, at the Foreign Office, were already convinced, from the information at our disposal, that Hitler, true to his usual methods, was going to attack Russia from behind the smoke-screen of his Non-Aggression Pact."

"With the Prime Minister's consent, I told M. Minsky of the dan-

ger which I was convinced confronted his country, and, at his request, gave details of our information."

"But even at that late hour, the Soviet Government was careful to avoid any expression of opinion which might have the effect of seeming to throw doubt on the observance of their engagement with Germany."

With these words was hinted Herr Rudolf Hess, a man whose mission—back-fist badly, burning his Fuchser's diplomatic fingers, forcing the hand to which the fingers belonged.

### ... PAY-OFF

Coming up fast are some interesting omphomphomphas, however.

True it is, as someone in London said last week, that "We have had better luck and more of it than any one nation has a right to expect." But the future path is not all rosy.

Pend one observer. "What will happen if Russia wins?"

"Britain is now in something of a political spot. Admittedly, she would have found herself in the spot sooner or later—provided we, and not Germany, won this war."

"For, sooner or later, in the post-war reconstruction of Europe, Russia's views and co-operation would have to be sought. No reconstruction could be effected without her. Besides, after all, Russia is part of Europe and the peace of Europe depends as much on her observance of the rules as on anyone else."

"We have got to start thinking about this."

"Where and how are we going to fit Russia's political views into

the scheme of things! Or, conversely, where and how is Russia, perhaps, going to fit our political views into her idea of what Europe should look like?

"For there is a definite possibility that, if the back of the German army breaks suddenly and quickly—as is quite likely to happen once the red sets in—Russia will spread south very quickly indeed. And history has shown that once an army sprawls across conquered territory it greatly facilitates giving it up again, or unsprawling itself.

Does this mean we will be asked to conduct a crusade against Bolshevism?

One thing—already being hinted in the press—is very certain. At the first sign of a German crack-up, Britain will launch a Continental invasion over-night—as a safeguard against a southward Russian spread, if for no other reason.

"There is no reason to believe that Russian opportunism is dead.

"None of this should be read to mean that I deplore the present Anglo-Russian co-operation. For from it. It should be cheered wildly. It was a godsend."

## U.S.A.

### ... MOVE

Towards Jona's close come a sentence-short announcement from the B.B.C.—not repeated in subsequent broadcasts, unsupported in the press—that U.S.A.'s Ambassador in Spain was seeking an urgent interview with chubby, duck-legged Dictator Franco.

Sad one report, in this connection: "There is a whisper that this is America's first move in preparing the ground for an occupation of Cape Verde, Canary, and/or Azores islands, a procedure that might cause quite a rumpus in Spain, but one which, according to some quarters, is likely to break at any minute—despite the protests of Spain and Portugal. For, in the eyes of the U.S.A., these points are danger-spots to her security."

### ... WHAT TO DO?

For many months something of a minor clash has been raging between British and American propagandists experts, and between different factions of experts in both camps.

One camp insisted (and still insists) that to get best results from the Americans, good news should be emphasized.

From the other camp comes the theory that bad news is better, since it clears the living daylight out of Americans, makes them apprehensive of the future, brings their production-figures bouncing up.

Harrassed wrinkled President Roosevelt, taking long careful physical steps from time to time, last month found himself thrown temporarily all out of stride.

As the German-Russian war got going 130,000,000-odd Americans heaved a mighty sigh, and to themselves, "Thank God, we won't have to come in now."

To combat this, "Washington Officials" last month were bee-hive wagging pneumatic heads over Russia's chance of winning.

## National



### ... GLUCS

*As he walked in the city, to Sym there came*

*Sounds enmeshed with fear and hate,*

*Shouts of anger and words of abuse,*

*As Grog blazed Grog for his woeeful state.*

Upwards of quarter of a century ago, an Australian poet, arriving at humanity for its warlike folly, its every-day stupidity, lampooning its politicians with a farbed pen dipped in acid, wrote these words which might have been dedicated to honorable gentlemen who, last month, in Australia's premier parliament, boozed, biased, spit enlightenment-challenges at each other.

No myopic philosopher was poet C. J. Dennis. Although his country gave him poor recognition, little bread for his work, he saw his people and their leaders in a clear, hard, white light.

To last month's hating parliamentarians, poet Dennis might have been addressing these and many others of his words. In his casker he must be smiling a gentle, cynical smile.

No need whatever is there to rebash that bloodthirsty, infantile clash of mighty intellects which Canberra saw last month. Honorable gentlemen, into whose hands we have entrusted the destiny of our country, the responsibility of setting us course, planning its future, the honor of guarding its dignity, the privilege of being well

paid for it—among themselves, these honorable gentlemen squabbled, scratched, snapped, snarled.

Adequate proof was this—that proof was needed—that Australians will tolerate anything. For each one of those honorable gentlemen is still complacently warning his Canberra seat.

If these men continue to control our destiny, God help us—for no other power on earth can. If in their hands lies any part of the direction of our foreign policy we might well make peace with the enemy without further ado.

Only bright spot in the whole incident was Premier Mervyn Storer lambasting of the honorable gentlemen concerned.

### ... CLOTHES

At last month's beginning, someone commented a stupid, almost criminal blunder. Reputedly beginning with some sort of radio announcement to troops overseas that cloth would soon become scarce, if not unobtainable, in Australia, various persons—official, unofficial, semi-official—added fuel by shaking their heads gravely, passing their lips, agreeing publicly that that was so.

Right away, something approaching the hells of a landslide occurred. Throughout Australia's length and breadth people rushed stores, bought up cloth and garments enough to last them many months, in some cases years.

Those in better circumstances

put quantities of material, suits, dresses, etc., on lay-by. No cause for joy or consternation was this to poorer people, who could not afford to make down-payments on large quantities of cloth, were thus forced to watch retail stocks dwindling before their eyes.

To their eternal credit, after the first day's madness, many big stores put a stop to the rush insofar they could by refusing to accept lay-by purchases of cloth goods.

No price is too high for the executives of such business houses, who might well have cashed in on the panic.

Still, there was nothing to stop watchful citizens from buying up cloth goods for cash to their dear, patriotic hearts' content—which if the crisis had been genuine would have given them a monstrously unfair advantage over their poorer countrymen.

There is no way of preventing this type of selfishness—except by prevention.

That panic never should have happened. Those basically responsible for it should be hauled hard, held up as an example of deplorable administration, thrown out neck and crop from whatever executive position they hold.

If, at some future date, it becomes necessary to ration food, clothes, or other civilian needs, it must be done as in Britain—overnight, without warning, swiftly, completely, so that no one will have an opportunity to jump the gun.

Said Supply Minister McBride: "No information known to the Government can, in any way, account for the rush to buy cloth-

ing which is reported to have begun in some cities."

Concluded he: "I can only conclude that the buying rush, if it is of the intensity suggested, is actually the beginning of hoarding which is not without a certain amount of stimulation by the less responsible sections of the commercial community."

### ... FUEL

All over the Australian Commonwealth has settled the blight of petrol-starvation.

No one—least of all CAVALCADE—will deny that, for many reasons, severe petrol-control is very necessary, becomes increasingly urgent as the country's home units grow daily more-and-more mechanized, its air force greater and stronger.

In relation to the crisis, Authority urges all those who can to install producer-gas units on their road-motors. The more units that are installed, the more fuel that is saved.

Day after day, month in, month out, Authority has been imploring its citizens to do this. Yet Canberra has set no viable example for us public to follow.

In very few cases indeed have Australian governments followed their own advice. Whacking grant government bungle vehicles still ply about the Commonwealth, backwards and forwards, to the fuel-gobbling tune of a few miles per gallon.

### ... OR WALK

Many an Australian citizen, too, has been incensed at the sight of poorly, black-coated or gold-

braided dignitaries who require to be warded around in big, black cars—often for distances of not more than a few hundred yards—of the dozens of minor and petty government officials who also use big cars that usually need a gallon of fuel to cover twelve to fourteen city miles.

There is no record of one of these greater or lesser dignitaries having been seen stepping out of a baby Austin—which, for city-travel purposes would put them just as quickly and a lot cheaper.

There is no record of one of these greater or lesser dignitaries having been seen using trains, trams, fuel-gobbling omnibuses, or even the legs the good Lord gave them.

Charity is that Dignity is at stake. No one will deny that big black cars are necessary to the preservation of dignity. But dignity has never been known to win wars.

For war—and particularly in the eyes of those fighting it—is no dignified business. It is far less dignified than riding on public conveyances.

### ... INVITATION TO FIGHT

At June's middle, Prime Minister Menzies, after nearly twenty-two months of war, put his country on a full-time, high-pressure, go-ahead war-basis.

Such a revolutionary, speedy clean-up did Prime Minister Menzies project that British statesmen stopped in their laudatory stride to gape, while others began to pound tables at their insistence that Britain, too, could use some of these methods.

No doubt in the world is there that these measures were and are necessary — more than necessary.

They are long overdue. On a system of total industry for total war, Germany has been even more rigidly pursuing that course for eight years.

In brief, black-out, fresh-complexioned Bob Menzies on his country's programme that might well become a blue-print for poster, quicker Empire war-production.

Demanding he, in a rising voice that was strong with urgency and determination: "Our policies, our actions, our individual selfishness or unselfishness, our individual courage or fear during the next six months will determine the future of this Australia."

"I call upon every citizen of my country to conduct himself, particularly in these coming months, as if he knew that, forever afterwards, he would be judged by how he passed the test."

"It is clear that our national organization must become one primarily for war. War industry must no longer be what we gain carve out of civil industry. Civil industry must become that which we can afford out of the total organization of this, our country, which is at war."

He gave out plenty of hope, plenty of morale-boosting, plenty of reason for confidence. He exclaimed: "Seven million Australians can do a mighty and triumphant work in this war."

Prime Minister Menzies could do his country and his Empire great service by speaking more often in these ringing terms, for such terms stiff the muscles of defiance, put fight into millions of Australian hearts.

## History in the Making

(Continued from Page 98).

**JUNE 14:** In Syria, British and Dominion troops were getting close to Damascus, still moving slowly so that heavy casualties might be avoided on both sides. In Europe, something seemed to be moving up between Germany and Russia; according to reports it might be anything from military alliance to military conflict. Around Sidi Barrani, in North Africa, British troops had started a quick offensive against the Italo-German forces.

**JUNE 15:** Vichy troops in Syria were adopting hit-and-run guerrilla tactics; meanwhile, General Dentz was reinforcing his southern troops with men from the north. From Cairo came the announcement that Britain's threat in North Africa was not intended to be a big-scale offensive—unless the job proved easier than was expected. In U.S.A., the American Government ordered all German consuls to pack their traps and go home.

**JUNE 15:** Something of a surprise was Turkey's pact-making turn with Germany. Between them, now, was a non-aggression pact. Turkey had signed up with nearly everyone, was trusted by no one. In North Africa, British troops were back behind their defenses again, waiting, watching. Damascus was being attacked, R.A.F. raids over Germany were growing in numbers and intensity.

**JUNE 16:** Allied and Free French were advancing into some Damascus suburbs, while the coastal column was still ploughing its way steadily up the Syrian coast. In Europe,

Russo-German tension was said to be heightening, although no one knew anything; Moscow kept monastic-quiet, there were reports of border clashes. Both Italy and Germany asked the U.S.A. to call home their American consuls.

**JUNE 16:** To Congress, President Roosevelt sent a scathing, but none describing Germany's hideous criminality in sinking the Robin Moore. Into Damascus, capital of French Mandate Syria, went British troops to take complete possession.

**JUNE 22:** In the pitch-black post-dawn morning, German troops, without warning, declaration, or ultimatum, struck at Russia, her blitz-arms pouring across the 1100-mile Russo-German frontier.

In a proclamation, Fuehrer Hitler denounced Comrade Stalin as a rat and a skunk. In a proclamation, Comrade Stalin's stooge and Foreign Minister Molotov denounced Hitler as a rat and a skunk. Hard on the tail of the master, Duce Mussolini declared war on comfortably distant Russia. In a broadcast speech, Prime Minister Churchill of capitalist England offered all help to Premier Stalin of Communist Russia.

**JUNE 22:** There was little reliable news of Russo-German fighting. Pact-seeking Turkey shot quick declared for neutrality, Japan bumbled, U.S.A., backed up Prime Minister Churchill, Britain turned the R.A.F. heat on Germany.

**JUNE 24:** There was little news of Russo-German fighting; Russia had accepted Britain's offer of help, U.S.A. had also offered help, R.A.F. went on blasting.

## NAZI MOPPER-UPPERS



Released by the German censor, this photo shows German stragglers engaged in looting up merchandise in a little town on the Duna River in Yugoslavia—14th sector of the German Military zone. The approach indicates direction of other Teutonic armies and Budapest, Hungary's capital.

## THE FIRST LIBERATED NATION



**Emperor** — Kefale Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, who with British co-operation, has just won against Adolf Abebe, former his lieutenant in the campaign against the foe. At the top, he is shown with two officers inside captured Damberto Fort. At the bottom, while British troops under Lt. Gen. Cunningham were occupying Addis Ababa, emperor and Ethiopian soldiers listen to a speech by the Emperor inside the captured Italian fort of Debra Berket.

Cinecode July 1941 Page 73

## STILL A HOUSE OF GOD



**And the ruins of the Dutch Church in Amboyna, destroyed by a German bomb. The ceremony took place at commemoration of the brutal German attack on Holland. The Dutch Premier, and Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands attended.**

Cinecode July 1941 Page 74

## THE KING CAN TAKE IT



The North Lodge of Buckingham Palace suffered to a recent bombard on London. This is the second time the Royal Palace has been bombed. The picture shows one of the bomb effects in the courtyard—taken from the top of the Palace.



The King sights from a Bren gun carrier after a tour of Washington during recent visit.

Canalcraft, July, 1942. Page 72

## INVASION BARGES



**BUT BRITISH** and German are these always were each other attacking to neither ship after a successful raid on the Norwegian coast.



**INCIDENT.** There is the story of one human life in this grim picture from the Greek campaign. A man is down. His comrades 1944 to help.

Canalcraft, July, 1942. Page 77



## NO WAR DID THIS



Photo shows the havoc wrought upon a church by the recent Mexican earthquake. Though of heavy construction, the church was left a twisted mass of ruins by the intensity of the tremor, which shakled over 21 lives.



This village in north-western Missouri of 600 inhabitants was swept by a tempest early in April 1918. This was the last of the spring crop of Missouri disasters.

Cincinnati, July, 1917. Page 70.



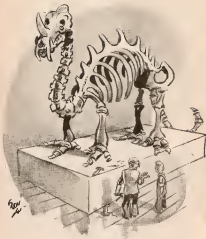
## THE YANKS! ARE THEY COMING!

American soldiers march in 1911. Suppose machine gunners were revolution and taken place with great accuracy in the line to prevent troops marching in columns. By cutting down break in columns machine gun the old strategy is forced to disappear would worst form of soldier in the world with machine guns. He would require land mine and people's power.

# SEER OF THE UNSEEN

MIRILL E. OTIS

*A strange experiment in hypnosis  
discloses an interesting phenomenon*



"You gotta be the butcher's and get me a bone! I haven't enough here to make the job!"

While a student at a university many years ago, I witnessed a curious experiment. It may be that others have seen the same test applied to a person in a state of hypnosis, but I never had seen nor heard of it and in the third of a century that has passed since I witnessed the experiment I have known no instance in which it has been repeated.

B. M. Anderson, Jr., now Professor of Economics in the University of California at Los Angeles, W. A. Harwitz, now Professor of Mathematics in Cornell University, C. H. Williams, who was head of the Extension Department of the University of Missouri for years, these three and myself, fellow students, constituted a society which we called the Artopagus. We met once each week. For two or three hours we discussed some problem from the field of Philosophy or the related field of Psychology.

During one period of several weeks we studied the phenomenon of hypnosis. At one of our meetings Harwitz produced a student who had been hypnotized many times and was an easy subject. We tried our experiment with this subject after Anderson had hypnotized him.

A pack of fifty white cards,

each of the same size and in all respects identical with the others, was handed the subject. He was told there was a picture of a black cat on the top card in the pack. "Do you see the picture of the black cat?" he was asked again and again. Finally, he answered: "Yes," as he stared with abnormal intensity at the perfectly white card before his eyes.

The pack was then taken from the hand of the subject. A check mark was placed on the back of the top card. The cards were shuffled so that the marked card was deep in the pack. The pack was returned to the subject.

"Pick out the card with the picture of the black cat."

The hypnotized youth ran through the cards, going finally at each as it came uppermost. When he had inspected perhaps twenty cards, he stopped. He handed us the last card. On the back of that card, where the subject could not see it, was the check mark we had placed there.

Ten times the experiment was repeated, always with the same result. Now and then the subject was told that it was his own picture he saw on the white card before him. He always could identify that card again after the pack had been shuffled. But we could

not do it. No one with mental and visual powers in normal state possibly could have done what this individual in a state of hypnosis did easily and quickly.

What is the explanation? I do not know. I have heard of only one. Dr. Max Meyer, then Professor of Experimental Psychology at the University of Moscow, thought that perhaps the visual

powers of a hypnotized individual were so increased as to enable him to distinguish on a plain card minute marks not discernible to the normal eye; that, upon suggestion, the image of a black cat was associated with those marks; and that, when the marks again appeared, the associated image likewise appeared again.

—*Science and Discovery, U.S.A.*

## "Civil" Service

Before I had been in the Ministry a week an old Civil Servant took me aside and said, with a twinkle in his eye, "My dear boy, in the Civil Service there are three things to remember. You will find there is what I call a paper-chase continually going on. I mean somebody is always hunting for some supposedly important document which has taken a wrong turn. Sometimes it doesn't exist at all, except in imagination, and if it does exist it is perfectly quite unimportant. Now, whenever any paper comes your way which appears to be in the slightest degree urgent or important, skids it, file it, destroy it, or put it in a drawer and forget it. Then, when it is wanted (as is sure to happen sooner or later), people will have to come to you to ask for it whether it is of any significance or not, and this will make you seem important. You'll find people will quickly get into the habit of asking, 'You'd better go and ask X—help me to know about it.' Then will come X, that means you, rapid promotion."

"That's the first thing to remember. The next thing is, that you must be sure and get an assistant as soon as you can. Nobody's anybody till you got somebody who's nobody at his back and call. And the third thing is you must have two keys. You can put one on your hand and go out for a five franc lunch with your wife, or with somebody else's wife, and you leave the other key hanging up in your office. Then when people come in and say, 'Where's X?' your assistant will reply, 'I'm afraid he's not in the room at the moment, but he must be somewhere in the building, for there's his key.'"  
—Robert Hughes, in *The Penguin News Writing*



A day seized a piece of meat while his owner was visiting the butcher. "Is that your dog?" asked the butcher, angrily. "It was," replied the other. "But he's keeping himself new."—*Amperbury Pillar, U.S.A.*

It appears that they were trying to auction off a singularly unimpressive house at a little Carolina town. In desperation, they attached a one dollar bill to the house as bait. The result was a sale, but at sixty cents!—*Amperbury, U.S.A.*

## HE DEFIED SUPERSTITION

Copernicus' Polish neighbor, repeated the true solar movement and founded the calendar

In the light of the guttering candle the face of the old man seemed like that of a patriarch born from granite. For hours his eyes had been fixed on the pageant of stars whirling so slowly past his casement window. Now the first pale hint of dawn appeared in the east, and still the sun was not decided. The last embers in the stone fireplace had long since grown cold.

The old man shivered. Again his hand strayed over the sheets of his precious manuscript. Again doubt assailed him. For centuries men had believed that the earth was the centre of the universe. Indeed, the church held that this demonstrated the importance of man in the eyes of God. Who was he, Copernicus, to wreck this ancient conception, to assert that this earth, like all the planets, revolved about the sun?

True, there was the practical consideration that this arrangement would permit the revision of the calendar for greater accuracy. But what damage would it do to established philosophies, to the dignity of human-kind, and to the whole complex relationship of man and the universe? Paradoxically, a cardinal in Rome had offered to pay the expenses of publication. But could even he foresee what re-orientations might ensue?

For this was the year 1516, and

science was still in the swaddling clothes of alchemy and superstition. Those who ventured to suggest new ideas often ran afoul of entrenched prejudice and a belief in the immutable virtues of the status quo. Toward such a world-shaking discovery as this all the scornful resistance of such forces would be directed.

Then Copernicus reflected that he was growing old. If his work were not published soon, it might die with him. And, after all, if those few men in the historic forefront of progress failed in their duty because of craven fear, there would be no progress, no enlightenment. He would take his chances. He would set an example for the scientists of future ages to challenge the same dragon of reaction.

So Copernicus did publish his work. Despite the opposition of narrow minds, it made headway. Once the real movement of the earth and planets had been demonstrated, astronomers were able to determine with accuracy the length of a year, or the time taken by the earth to circle the sun. Given this information, Pope Gregory XIII was able in 1582 to make the proper arrangement of leap years so that the seasons would always fall on the same day.

Copernicus was born on February 19, 1473, in Thorn, Poland. His father, Nicholas Koppernigk, was a

wealthy merchants from Cracow, then the most important Polish town. When Copernicus was 10, his father died. Lucas Watzelrode, an uncle, adopted the Koppernigh children.

Copernicus was sent to school in Thorn. In 1491 he entered the University of Cracow, where he spent about three years. He then returned home. In the meantime, his uncle had become Bishop of Ermland, one of the four dioceses of Prussia.

Copernicus went to Bologna, Italy, in 1496, to study law. While in Bologna, he met Domenico Maria de Novara, a well-known professor of astronomy who believed that the universe was not a complicated structure, but followed simple mathematical laws. De Novara introduced Copernicus to astronomy and led him to doubt that the universe revolved around the earth. After 11 years of travel and the study of Greek, canon law, and medicine, he returned to Ermland to act as medical adviser to his uncle.

In 1514 Copernicus was invited by a group of Roman Catholic dignitaries to help reform the calendar. Copernicus refused, saying that it was useless to change the calendar until the exact motions of the sun and moon had been ascertained. This was later given by Copernicus as the reason for his intensive study of astronomy.

The war between Poland and East Prussia, which ended in 1521, gave Copernicus a chance to act in an administrative capacity for the Catholic Church. When the war ended he urged certain reforms in Prussian coinage. Later he was appointed Administrator-General of Ermland.

In 1533, Cardinal Schoenberg heard a lecture on the Copernican theory and wrote Copernicus, urging him to make the details of his theory known at the Cardinal's expense.

In the Spring of 1538, Georg Joachim von Lauchen, a mathematician professor, visited Copernicus to study his theory of astronomy. As it was the custom for scholars to adopt a Latin name as a *nom-de-plume*, von Lauchen is better known as Rheticus. The name Copernicus is a Latinized version of Koppernigh. Rheticus spread the Copernican theory.

After seeing by Rheticus and others, Copernicus consented to have his theory published. A manuscript was sent to Rheticus, who published it early in 1543.

During that winter Copernicus fell sick and suffered a paralytic stroke. After lying for weeks unable to move from his bed, an advance copy of his new book was brought to him on May 24, 1543. He saw and handled the book just a few hours before he died.

—Science and Discovery, U.S.A.



"Did you put a ladder at the rear of the house for the servants?"

An old lady living in the country had a son in the Navy. On one of her rare visits to a neighboring town she saw a yellow Trembling with excitement, she asked him if he knew her boy. He told him his name. "Well, what ship is he in?" asked the mother. "What ship?" exclaimed the old lady. "Are there two?" —PS-BPA, London

# SAVE WHITEHALL'S PRICELESS PAINTINGS

300 years ago Rubens completed the art  
treasures decorating the *James Banqueting Hall*

Deeply concerned over the safety of a series of wall paintings by Rubens in the Banqueting Hall of London's Whitehall. Something should be done to save these valuable works of art from the effects of the German bombardment. It is just over 310 years since they were painted.

There are altogether nine large paintings. They decorate the ceiling of the only great building which remains to remind us of the luxury which characterised the court of Charles I. To-day, this building in Whitehall serves as the Imperial War Museum, and the war material exhibited is not an ideal setting for the beauty of the paintings.

Actually, this vast hall was built by Charles I with the idea to make it the world's most luxurious reception hall. He wanted a hall which should outdo the Great Gallery at Luxembourg, which was also decorated by the paintings of Rubens.

So Rubens was called to London. He lived here from the middle of 1629 until the end of 1630. He could not paint at the court of the king as Van Dyck did two or three years later. In fact, he was sent to the court not as a great artist but as the ambassador of the King of Spain.

Of course, King Charles could not give art work to the Envoy of

Spain, the then most powerful country on the Continent. Rubens signed a pact of friendship with Britain and afterwards returned to his home in Antwerp, then under Spanish rule. There he received the commission of decorating the Great Hall of Honour of the King's Palace in London.

Rubens accepted the commission. He set to work and soon sent to London for the inspection of King Charles a series of sketches indicating his plans for the paintings. These sketches, which were shown at an exhibition in Brussels in 1937, are in composition identical with the wall paintings in London.

Charles was pleased, but the execution of the wall paintings took a considerable time. Rubens was suffering from gout and Charles was a very bad payer. His instalments of fees never arrived promptly. In 1634, three years after Rubens's return home, the pictures were completed. The transport of them to London took another year.

For the nine tableaux Rubens received three thousand pounds. It must be remembered that the purchasing power of the pound was three times as great as to-day. There was some amusing correspondence between artist and the king's secretary before the final instalment was paid over. Charles

was a luxury-loving king, and consequently was always short of money.

Rubens chose as his subject the glorification of the reign of James I, father of Charles. Those who know their history will tell you that this reign was very meagre in great historic events. Rubens, however, solved this problem by using his imagination and by drawing on his inexhaustible stock of allegories.

In the middle of the ceiling there are three immense paintings, an Apotheosis of James I; the descent of James I appears his young son Charles King of Scotland.

Rubens obviously put into these pictures everything his great genius possessed. He created on the ceiling of the hall a new world, full of imagination and inspiration, rich in form and color. The allegorical figures and the wealthy detail of

the Rubensian sense of decoration nevertheless argues to the viewer a sense of reality.

Much criticism has been heard about the neglect of these works of art. They were already damaged during the transport from Belgium to London. In 1637 it was observed that the paintings suffered from humidity. Yet, they are still in a fairly good condition. Now, in this blinking, the peeper time has arrived to get some art experts to ensure that the paintings are taken down in good condition and transferred to a place of safety.

Rubens was a Belgian of Flemish origin. It is shameful that his memory was recently desecrated by German officials who hailed him as a Germanic master. Throughout his life he was devoted to his Belgian mother country. But his art remains international. It belongs to the world.

—*La Belgique Independante.*

## Can There Be A Lasting Peace?

War is foolish to secure peace. It arrives at an advantage, which may be an opportunity to secure peace. But meanwhile war has more or less bitterness and propaganda so much better and falsehood that it is harder than ever to establish the conditions of real peace.

There are three destructive exceptions. The War of 1812, our Civil War and the Boer War were followed by lasting peace. But why? The War of 1812 was stopped in midcourse by a mercifully was treaty which dissolved the United States-Canadian frontier and never mentioned the alleged objectives of the war. The Civil War ended by taking the southern states back on equal terms into the union. And the Boer War gave South Africa peacefully everything the defeated Boers were fighting for.

—Albert W. Palmer in *The Christian Century* U.S.A.



One Oliver, well-known English even star, was asked how his show at the London Hippodrome had been offered by the rules "On the last night," he replied, "we sent the audience home in a taxi." —*Moderns Magazine* Toronto

# SIX SCAPEGOATS OF DEFEAT

*Wounded France cries for the lives of the men responsible for the national debacle*

Just one hundred and forty-eight years ago, Louis Capet was tried, sentenced and executed in Paris. His crime was that of being the absolute or totalitarian ruler of France at a time when his country was in the throes of a liberal revolution. When his head fell, the remnants of a French absolutism that was in its twilight vanished. To-day in the Chateau de Chateaufort six prisoners await trial. It is the hope of the modern French absolutists and their Nazi mentors that these trials will mark the demise of French democratic liberalism.

They are a motley crew, these unavailing scapegoats who bear on their backs the faults and failings of every Frenchman and who are offered as a sop to a people whose racial pride has been horribly mutilated. First comes Germain, one-time generalissimo of all the land forces of democracy, but himself *never* a democrat. He is charged with ineffectual conduct of the war, and failure in the eyes of absolutist rulers is always a punishable crime. Next in line are Daladier and Reynaud, the former, Prime Minister of France when the war started and therefore held responsible for leading his country into the depths of defeat; the latter, his successor who was no more successful.

Then there comes the former Air Minister, Guy La Chambre. His

case presents many interesting facets. He is charged with failing to produce aircraft in sufficient quantity. When the warrant for his arrest was issued he was safe in the United States. The men of Vichy apparently thought that they might safely indict him, surely he would never return and thus by default admit his guilt.

Eager to defend his good repaite, La Chambre boarded a clipper and flew to Lisbon. Later he presented himself far away at the Franco-Spanish border. There was a comic opera moment when the men of Vichy tried to avoid taking a prisoner they never anticipated buying, but La Chambre finally reached the dismal Chateau de Chateaufort and has since gained the ever-growing respect of his fellow countrymen.

Lastly there are two men who have committed the supreme crime of having ceased, under the new dispensation, to be true Frenchmen. These are Leon Blum, former Prime Minister and leader of the ill-fated Popular Front, and Georges Mandel, a brilliant protégé of Clemenceau and one-time Minister of the Interior. They are Jews. Blum, probably the most civilized man ever to head the Government of France, will probably be officially charged with neglecting the defenses of his country during his time of power; while Mandel cur-



What makes life brighter?

**TOOHEYS  
OATMEAL  
STOUT**

instead the imprudence of desiring to continue the fight even after these men of honor, headed by Petain, had surrendered.

There is something pathetic and revealing in the activities of these unfortunate victims of a national debacle. Gamelin spends most of his time in his room working on his memoirs which will form the basis of his defense in the trial. He begrudges even the time for the most necessary exercise. His infrequent relaxation is portrait painting. It is generally believed that the general, if or when he is put on trial, will advance the theory that due to lack of forethought on the part of the politicians he was given an impossible task.

Poin, bewildered Gamelin, after spending fifty years of adult life almost literally carrying a sword, he must now rely upon the pen to defend the integrity of that sword. However, no one seriously believes that he will be convicted. The honor of the army must be protected and his plea that the democratic politicians involved France in her ruin has already been accepted in advance by the Petain regime.

Daladier, a man of the lower middle class, has relaxed under prison discipline into the surly sequestration of his social group. He is a great letter writer in prison and intends very freely to use his great powers of oratory in his own defense. If the trials ever take place and if they are in the old French tradition, Daladier hopes to create a sensation and perhaps win an acquittal with one of those impassioned speeches that so often

swayed the Chamber of Deputies.

Paul Reynaud, the last Prime Minister of France, the believer in "miracles," the author of that final and tragic appeal to the United States for clouds of aircraft, shows most impotence in captivity. He tries in vain to expend his energy in physical feats. He bicycles along the pathways of the chateau grounds, runs foot races with phantasm opponents and even (a casually suggestive sport for a prisoner) indulges a taste for high-jumping over the fences that cross the fields.

His defence will probably run somewhat as follows: "I followed Daladier. The mischief had then been done. I did my best to rally France. I took Petain into my cabinet. I did not run. I remained and placed myself at the disposal of the government. I did not take part in any Camblesian adventures or British intrigues." Not a glorios plea nor a heroic one, but then Reynaud is not of the heroic mould. He came to power not because he was a great man but because in a multitude of little men he stood out by virtue of his mediocrity.

Leon Blum, "the international socialist Jew," as the Nazis call him, is probably held not so much because the French dislike him—the Men of Vichy respect his learning, his integrity and his humanity—as because he affronted the German-Italian leaders by almost keeping Spain in the democratic ranks. He was not active during or just prior to the war and was living quietly in the South of France when the end came.

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Yet with full knowledge of the sympathy that was to be shown to man of his race, he went to Bordeaux in the tragic days of early June, 1940, to do what he could to prevent a disastrous capitulation. When his efforts failed he remained quietly awaiting the inevitable arrest. His friends in vain arranged for and urged on him to escape to England. He refused to desert. Since his arrest he has been a sick and emaciated man.

These five men face various fates. Gamelin almost certainly will be acquitted. The others will be found guilty, with the possible exception of Guy La Chambre, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment or banishment. The prospect can not worry them greatly because they know that with a British victory all the acts of Vichy will be erased and that in the meantime all any Frenchman can do is wait and pray.

The last and in many ways the most interesting prisoner is in a different category. Georges Mandel is specifically charged with high treason. With Deladier and many other minor politicians he fled to Comblanchien and while there was the object of a futile flying visit by Anthony Eden. It was Eden's intention to engage Mandel in support of de Gaulle and through him to organize the French North African possessions. The plan miscarried. When Eden arrived Mandel was under arrest and shortly afterwards he was returned to France for trial. He alone faces death if found guilty. For him defence is not an interesting essay in self-jus-

tification but a real fight for life. Mandel is hated and hated mightily. He is an unpleasant, arrogant man. And until his fall was a brilliantly successful one. When he was Minister of the Interior it was said, "There goes Mandel—the man who knows everything."

The protégé of Clemenceau, who won the last war for France by driving the generals beyond their powers, his Jewishness brings back memories of the Dreyfus affair. Here Clemenceau exposed himself to the hate of the army. And this hate has now transferred itself to the pupil. The army thinks for revenge if not on the old tiger, at least on Mandel. He may, he probably will, be found guilty. He may be shot. But first he will fight. Right with all the power of a politician who never put bottom on the faith and who knows every stroke of which his weapon is capable.

Here then is the motley crew, some charged with doing too much, some with too great inactivity, some with not fighting hard enough, some with refusing to admit defeat. Why are they charged? Why should France deliver the men she once chose to lead her? The reasons are many but chief among them is the demand of Hitler for an admission of "war guilt." Eager to be exonerated in the eyes of his own people of the responsibility for the outbreak of war, Hitler gave his French puppets to understand that they would be more leniently treated if they had the courage to expose French and British statesmen as the authors of

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the war.

The second reason for the trials is the need of the regime in France at this moment to undermine faith in the democratic way of life. If Pétain and Daladier are to impose the corporate state on France, if they are to replace "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" with "Work, Obedience, Country" or any other totalitarian rallying cry, then the list of the democratic leaders must be shown to be the self-seeking, incompetent bunglers Hitler has called them. In brief, Daladier, Reynaud, Blum, Mandel must play the role enacted a century and a

half ago by Louis XVI.

But there is still another reason the trials must go on. No nation can stand the shock of a terrific defeat such as France has suffered without laying the blame upon someone and destroying the blamed.

In the early history of man the nomadic tribes of Asia Minor once a year in a symbolic ceremony loaded on to the back of an old hog-pot the sins of the tribe and then drove the goat out into the wilderness to bear the wrath of the deity. So France for prud's sake must have these six scapegoats.

—Magazine D., Toronto

## Urge to Destroy

Reverend E. Krehbiel made the suggestion that no statues should be put up to any one until he was dead no more years, and that even when the statues had been put up it was to be destroyed if, after another period of years, men, by a vote taken, no longer approved of it.

As a political scheme there is a great deal to be said for this, yet it would be bad for history and therefore, for mankind. The capitalists have always done better.

What is it in many which makes him a destroyer of his own creation? Let any one who assigns or models or paints, while he is taking a pride in his achievement, standing back and looking at it and saying, "This will remain for ever," let every artist in that mood tell himself that as like as not his grandchild or his great-grandchild will come along with a hammer and smash it to pieces, or with a torch and burn it. When men are disgruntled they seem moved to destroy!

There is a duty imposed, I think, a special duty, upon all Governments. Statues should be taken off pedestals well before figures subject to criticism to go from the past, and those should be stored up, so that men can tell how their ancestors lived and how they looked and how their minds worked.

—Jillaine Deane in *Review to the Radio* (Continued)



When I arrived the pressmen crowded into my cabin as they usually do and the first question put to me was "Tell us, Doctor, has medicine done anything recently to prolong life?"

To which I replied: "Surely we live long enough, but the problem how to live more happily!"—Lord Maitland

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# HISTORY

## IN THE MAKING

**MAY 24:** In the United States, President Roosevelt proclaimed a state of unlimited national emergency, slating Fudhrers Hitler and Mussolini no end at the same time. Meantime, Fudhrer Hitler was pumping reinforcements into Crete as hard as he could. Around the Mediterranean, German "planes" to the tune of some hundreds were spending hours pounding the British fleet; they succeeded in bagging two cruisers, four destroyers in one 15-hour raid.

**MAY 25:** In Crete, although Allied troops were falling back quickly, their line was still unbroken. It was man-to-man fighting with the honors to Allied men, who were, however, becoming swamped by German numbers. Germany was trying to force a way into Egypt from Libya, without much success.

**MAY 26:** Still deteriorating was the British position in Crete. In Britain, good-looking, immaculate Foreign Secretary upheld and gave an outline of one or two of Britain's peace-terms. Negotiations for trade between Japan and the Netherlands East Indies were crumbling. In Iraq, British forces were still struggling with rebel forces. In France there was growing evidence of closer Franco-German collaboration.

**MAY 27:** Across to Elie came a bunch of German bombers that dropped their lethal warps, left

killed-and-injured citizens in several Dublin, wrecked buildings. Britain's campaign in Crete was drawing to an evacuation. Collapsing everywhere, Iraq rebel leaders decided to call it a day, were reported to be in flight.

**MAY 28:** From Crete, Britain began to withdraw her troops "after 12 days of what was undoubtedly the fiercest fighting of this war." Already, some 15,000 had been exterminated; but many were left. From Ieraki, news came that an armistice had been negotiated. In Abyssinia, clean-up operations were still going on. There were plenty of Italians left, but they had little heart to keep up the fighting.

**MAY 29:** At their habitual rendezvous, Benito, Pass, Dictators Hitler and Mussolini went into a huddle. All over the Democratic world, criticism of Britain's unpreparedness, after seven months of occupation of Crete, was growing. According to some estimates, about 17 German troops were put out of action for every one allied soldier.

**MAY 30:** According to British sources, Germany was beginning to pump "plans and men into French-controlled Syria; all of this France loudly denied, crying to heaven that not one German soldier was in Syria. Meantime, there were hints that Britain might move in. British bombing excursions over Europe were growing bigger, longer, more devastating; German raids on Britain were somewhat smaller, shorter.

**MAY 31:** Still emphasized as a danger and a potential German playground was Syria, according to some reports, Britain was already begin-



Hey, and something! I only dropped my cigarette before."

ing Beirut. With the fighting finished in Iraq, British troops were taking over the danger-spots. At Doorn, Germany's ex-Kaiser ("Bill") Wilhelm II died at the ripe old age of 82.

**JUNE 6:** Across to Alexandria, British naval strong-point, came German bomber-navies, killing more than 100. Still wild in the news was the British-revealed German infiltration into Syria. Meanwhile, hints were being made that Britain was getting ready to do something about it.

**JUNE 6:** Obviously jittery about Alexandria was Britain, it was well within bomb-proximity of Germany's new airfields and becoming a danger-spot. Syria's General Dentz upped and said that if Britain invaded his country he would meet force with force. From U.S.A. to France went warnings that America could not regard Franco-German collaboration with joy. In Batavia, the Netherlands had thrown a spanner into the works of the Japanese Trade Mission. In U.S.A., Japan's Ambassador Nomura, it was revealed, has, two months ago, sought a Japanese-American non-aggression pact, meeting, however, with no success.

**JUNE 7:** British and Empire leaders were well up in arms about the defeat in Crete; they were demanding that never again must their men be sent into action without adequate air-protection. In U.S., a German-liberated peace-balcon was pricked by Ambassador Winant, who announced that nothing was further from British thoughts.

**JUNE 8:** Into Syria, from three directions, moving slowly, to prevent

unnecessary bloodshed, went British troops. Their job: To chuck German troops out before they got too big a foothold. In London's House of Commons a debate on Crete was forecast. To Alexandria again came German bombers.

**JUNE 10:** At various points along Syria's coast, British naval units were waiting, co-operating, watching. For fourteen successive nights R.A.F. bombers had plastered Benghazi. In the South Atlantic a German U-boat sank the U.S. merchantman, *Rohde Moor*.

**JUNE 11:** In Syria, British forces were getting close to Damascus, while another column was stretching along the Turco-Syrian border. Army units were being used to squash strikes and dampen the ardor of sinkers in U.S. In two months, nearly £25,000,000 worth of help had been sent from U.S. to Britain and China.

**JUNE 12:** Allied troops on their march up the Syrian coast were within a few miles of Sidon. In the north, one column had made over 70 miles advance, another more than 100 miles. Germany admitted having lost 256 planes, 5,895 men in Crete. All over Europe were rumors that Germany was troop-mustering Russia along their common Baltic-Black Sea front.

**JUNE 14:** France's Syrian air-force plastered Allied troops in the Beirut sector, hoping to discourage them. Off Norway, a Beaufort bomber dropped a torpedo smack into the side of a German pocket-battleship, it limped off home.

(Continued back to last-minute form—Page 72)

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# ★ BOOKS ★

## ...IN ITALY

"If Mussolini wanted to put in prison all those who are against the war, he would have to arrest ninety-five per cent. of the Italian people."

On this corner-stone, Italian newspaper correspondent Franzoni builds his book *Inside Italy*. On this fact, he bases the collapse of Italy's armies in Albania, East Africa, Abyssinia, Libya. For correspondent Franzoni is not guessing at the Italian people's attitude towards their Duce's war, he knows.

Everywhere he went, in Italy, at war-ere, he found the same opposition to entry into the conflict. Summoned up a leader-writer of the *Corriere della Sera* . . . a man of vast culture, in constant touch with high political circles . . .

"Mussolini will go to war because his whole career and psychology make it inevitable. Firstly, Mussolini is, in-day, a prisoner of political circumstances; the break with Britain and France in 1931 threw him into the arms of Germany, and the embrace of Nazi Germany has kept him prisoner. He can no longer escape subservience to a partner whom he secretly hates, because Mussolini knows that in the Europe of Nazi Germany there will be no room for two Dictators. In the second place, Mussolini is a prisoner of his own words; you cannot go on preaching for seventeen years a gospel of war and hate without finding yourself the

prisoner of your own words.

"But what is more important is that Mussolini is the prisoner of his own psychology. Mussolini has always believed in action. All his career has been built on action. Even admitting that Mussolini was not, by nature, a heroic man, events have always moved ahead of him, and given him the advantage of action.

"Mussolini knows to-day that he has lost this personal prestige with the Italian people. He also knows that the only way to regain it would be for him to step on the famous balcony and announce to the people: 'There will be no war—we have solved all our problems amicably—go home and live in peace.'

"But this is just what he will not do. The role of a pacifist Angelus does not attract Mussolini any more; and the victories of his rival in the European battles make his eighth stepless . . .

"Mussolini knows that the world by which he is surrounded sounds hollow; there is hollowism in his own family, in his political dreams, in the delusion of being the European great man that he no longer is. All this generates in Mussolini a sense of fatigue, out of which his fatalistic instinct dejects him to tempt action. Rather than die obscurely in the comfort of a popular affection that may cover the secret for his weakness, Mussolini will tempt action, and fall in a great battle, and drag his own building over his head . . ."

Correspondent Franzoni's most important theme is that the Italian people are ready, ripe to be organized for a revolt against Fascism

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Possibly: "Can the Italian people be counted among the Allies in the cause of Freedom? I say this. Personally, the Italian people is ready for a revolt against Fascism. It is this spirit of potential revolt, of which the Italians themselves are, as a mass, still unconscious, which makes Italy the Achilles heel of the Axis Alliance."

Boldly needed: A British-organized Fifth Column, as advocated in so many recent careful-thinking books, to start white-anting Europe—now.

### ...IN U.S.A.

Most important book to come out of America since Europe's second Great War got into its stride is a quickly-written, scintillating piece of work by the pen of super-correspondent *Pharos* (*Days of Our Years*) van Paanen.

He has called it *The Tower of Ness*—a sharp-eyed bit of work that peers into the dark corners of American intervention, whips up plenty of reasons why the United States (slowly being controlled by Axis diplomatic and military action) should waste no more time in getting into the fray.

Paanen looks on the world with a clear, universal eye. He sees not only the immediate prospects, but long-range prospects. His considered judgment: That, if the United States wants to defend itself from the unfortified Panama Canal zone (as isolationists insist it should) it will find itself the last Democratic stronghold (a comparative chicken-coop) fighting a desperate, impossible battle with its back to the wall.

His warning: That Germany is not worried by oceans, that she is relentlessly marching across them—having realised long ago that she could never build a fleet to lick Britain's.

This much is well borne out by present-day observable facts. Germany is, in fact, doing without sea-power by striking across the great European-Asiatic Continent—a strategy which can bring the German army down onto Singapore if it is not stopped.

Correspondent van Paanen insists that the United States can stop that drive—by landing an American Expeditionary Force at Bombay and making India an American frontier beyond which Germany must not be allowed to go.

His other points: (1) America should "Keep Hitler out of Africa." For the invasion of this hemisphere must necessarily start with the occupation of strategic bases from which aerial, naval, military and diplomatic (intrigue and propaganda) attacks can be launched in our direction.

"We (the U.S.A.) should send an expeditionary force to Dakar. A similar course of action might be launched with respect to the Cape Verde, Canary and Azores Islands."

"... we should draft an immediate plan of full co-operation and co-operation between the American and British navies. We must preclude our war aims. A free Germany as a free enemy is a free world!"

(Our copies Angus & Robertson, Sydney.)

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# ★ SHOWS ★

## ...IN THE AIR

At this war's outbreak, Hollywood was somewhat paralyzed, slightly at a loss, hesitant about what to do with Europe's newest conflict.

A great percentage of cinema-audiences were rabid isolationists and therefore loath to view any pro-war, or war-boosting films with active disfavor, if not with outright boycotting.

As time went along, however, and the U.S. began to move faster and faster, closer and closer to Europe's conflict-zone, Hollywood moved along, too.

Into its products were injected, slowly at first but with increasing tempo, all the flag-waving, saluting, patriotic righting-angles (male and female), battleships, armies, armies they could lay their hands on.

Once the tide began to move, Hollywood lost no time in moving along with it.

So, from two studios last month, came two air-pictures, complete with love, adventure, the forces of evil, excitement and all the other commodities that only Hollywood is able to find in Army, Navy, and Air Force life.

From Paramount came *I Wanted Wings*, a slim-bling piece to the glory of flying-cadets Ray Milland, Brian Donlevy, Wayne Morris.

No piffers in the matter of properties, Paramount wheedled more than \$27,000,000 worth of ar-

planes out of the U.S., for use in that picture.

Spread across the screen at different intervals were 400-odd BT-5's and 14's; some 400 AT-6's, a company of 150, several Flying Fortresses.

To romance this aerial set-up honey-haired, pop-small Veronica Lake, who is lacerally carved whose men notice it roost, is thrown in. On the side of womanly, feminine goodness is Constance Moore.

The net result: A spectacular, well-made piece of entertainment with all the trimmings that go to make up a first-class movie.

## ...COMMAND

In the same boat is MGM's *Flight Command*, in which there is a hero (battosous Robert Taylor) who comes through his "baptism of fire" with flying colors, "plumb emotional depths" with Ruth Hussey, "dices constantly with death" as part of his everyday job.

According to the piece set by *Flight Command*, every peacetime flying practice is a highly hazardous business, what with its "power dives, battle practice, Taylor's parachute jump as war, Pidgeon's forced crash landing and rescue in fog by Taylor, dog-fights, carrier-landings."

In brief, MGM gave *Flight Command* the gas, consuming everything they could lay their hands on into it.

Squadron Commander Walter Pidgeon is polished as ever.

The net results: A good-enough lump of excitement set to the speed and roaring of propeller-blades.

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## • • • SORRY, OUR MISTAKE

Here are the pleasing details of an "unfortunate incident" which Italian, German and French high authorities have been doing their best to hush up.

The crews of four French war-planes, engaged in coastal patrol work around Sicily, crashed a little more excitement than they were getting. So one afternoon recently, instead of returning home at dusk, they flew over to Palermo, in Sicily and dropped several sticks of bombs with excellent aim on Italian docks and naval barracks.

The commander of their base, to whom they confessed their escapade, quickly informed General Weygand, who in turn passed the news on to Vichy. It reached Rome, via Berlin, just in time for the Italians to suppress a communique crediting the R.A.F. with the raid.

Weygand later received orders from the Nazis to send the culprits to Vichy for court martial. He refused, saying he was quite capable of dealing with them himself.

It is not unlikely that there were a few gleeful smiles at his H.Q.—Everybody's, London.

## • • • AND WE COMPLAIN

At a general discussion not long ago, in which Sir Hubert Wilkins, the polar explorer, and Achmed

Abdullah, the author, participated, the talk branched to touch on the subject of human smells.

"Oriental races," said Abdullah, "can't tolerate the smell of white men. They think that the objectionable odors come from the things that white men eat—cabbage, pungent vegetables, and the like."

When the chorus of objections died down, Sir Hubert said:

"I'm sure that's perfectly true. I have observed many times that Eskimos dislike the odor of white men. Put a group of Eskimos in a hot parapsy room and no odor is discernible, but get a group of white men in the same room and watch the Eskimos make tracks away from them!"—Donald C. Cuskey in "Your Life," U.S.A.

## • • • IMPULSE TO LIVE

You ask me, in brief, what satisfaction I get out of life and why I go on working. I go on working for the same reason that a hen goes on hatching eggs. There is in every living creature an obscure but powerful impulse to active functioning. Life demands to be lived. Inaction, save as a measure of recuperation between bursts of activity, is painful and dangerous to the healthy organism—as fact it is almost impossible. Only the dying can be really idle.—A letter from H. L. Mencken to Will Durant

# SPEAK NO RUMOUR

# HEAR NO RUMOUR

# BELIEVE NO RUMOUR

### • • • BREED HASHT CHANGED

Exactly twenty-five years ago the 14,000-ton liner *Tuberois*, belonging to neutral Holland, was torpedoed by night in the North Sea. Almost too promptly her sinking was held by Germany to be "a monstrous British crime."

Unfortunately for the Huns, some portions of the torpedo were found in one of the *Tuberois's* surviving lifeboats. These were examined by Dutch experts, who announced that they clearly showed the torpedo was of German make.

Faced with this proof of their guilt, the Germans indulged in some characteristic wriggling. The torpedo, they said, must have been picked up and used by a British ship.

The Dutch refused to accept this miserable ploy. To expose the Germans' crime and subsequent lies before the world, they had the wrecked liner examined on the sea's bottom by divers. These men brought up further pieces of the torpedo which revealed its number.

Asked to check up on this particular torpedo, the Germans said it had been fired by the submarine U-13 over a week before the sinking of the *Tuberois*, but had missed its mark. They then produced a photograph of what they alleged was the entry in the U-boat's log-book recording that miss.

Calmly the Dutch pointed out that the prevailing currents would have caused the torpedo to drift far from the spot where the *Tuberois* was sunk. At the same time they requested a sight of the original entry in the log, instead of merely a photograph

—and this finally stumped the twisting Germans.

### • • • COLD BRILLIANCE

The tragedy of Trotsky was that he was lacking both sympathetic imagination and self-knowledge. He seemed spiritlessly, in an intimate relation, almost deaf and dumb. He would talk with you all night long, very candidly and about everything under the sun, but when you went home at dawn you would feel that you had not been with him. You had received no personal glimpse out of those cold light-blue eyes. You had heard no laughter but of mockery. You had been exchanging ideas with a brilliant intellect, one that had heard about friendship and had it explained to him, and with common-sense skill and intelligence was putting on the act.—Max Eastman in *Foreign Affairs*, U.S.A.

### • • • PRE-NATAL FALLACY

An unborn child cannot be "shocked" by any sight, sound, or shock experienced by the mother-to-be. Nature has safeguarded against such an occurrence by not permitting any direct connection whatsoever between the nervous system of the embryo and the mother's nervous system. Poor health, worry, insufficient sleep, long-continued fatigue, and great unhappiness can, however, sap the strength of the mother and make her less well prepared to build and bear the child. A poorly balanced diet also can do harm. But failure to satisfy "cravings" will have no effect on the child.—*Household Magazine*, U.S.A.

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### • • • THE RENAISSANCE ARMY

The present unrest in French Indo-China brings to mind an amazing unsolved mystery that might be termed the land equivalent of the *Marie Celeste* affair.

Thirty-seven years ago there was a native rising in this distant colony of France, and troops were sent out from Saigon, the capital, to restore order.

Six hundred and fifty men took part in the expedition—five hundred of them Foreign Legionnaires, and the rest crack Spahis. They went well equipped in every respect, even having field guns, and it was confidently expected that they would soon return, their task accomplished, without having been seriously troubled.

But those soldiers did not return. To this day no trace of them has been found. It is not even known whether they got as far as meeting the enemy, for every native outside Saigon steadily denied ever having seen them.

### • • • ALBUMIN COMMUNICATIONS

Albumin is growing up, but until the war it was the only canteen in Europe to which you could not telephone. Thus, the capital had 108 private telephone subscribers, but no numbers and no directory. Instead, it had three remarkable operators who could plug into every subscriber without a number to guide them. The telegraph is even more primitive. In the mountain districts, a man on one side of the valley still cries to a man on the other, who passes on any message, so that it can travel hundreds of miles in an hour.—Noel Barber in *World Review*, London.

### • • • ON THE SQUARE

Square halo? Certainly. Medieval artists painted the halo back of a saintly head as a square, not a circle of glory, when they wanted to show perfection and holiness.

Square halos are found in paintings as early as 700 A.D. and as late as 1600. In the fifteenth century geometrical aspects of holiness began to change, as theologians came to regard the square as less perfect than the circle. Thereupon Christian saints in Christian art were given round halos, but Old Testament personalities, supposedly less perfect because they lived before the time of Christ, continued for a time to receive square ones.—*Science News Letter*, Washington, D.C.

### • • • LINCOLN AND ELLINGTON

There is an actor in New York who has played the part of Abe Lincoln so often that he went down to Harlem one night a little while ago and found Duke Ellington's band.—D. B. Wyndham Lewis in *Tatler*, London.

### • • • NAVAL DEFINITIONS

For sheer coolness, the palm goes to the naval officer whose ship was struck by a mine recently. The admiral, whose flagship was missing, signalled an anxious enquiry. The commander flashed back: "We have incurred what may be described as a half-hit." The admiral signalled: "What do you mean by a half-hit?" With his ship sinking under him, the commander replied: "A half-hit is when portions of the hull are still adhering to the decks."—*Macdonald Hastings* in *London Call*, London.

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### • • • THEATRE WISDOM

The very nature of play and theatre asks for intimacy, delicate contact between those playing and those being played to. Nothing is more abused than people with opera glasses in theatres. It is like taking a microscope to a bar with which to study a drop of Scotch while one sips a Scotch and soda. In the first instance you are either there—actually in the play—or you're not, and no opera glass is going to get you there. And in the other it is irrelevant what a drop of Scotch looks like under the microscope if you are fond of Scotch. It is chemistry if you are not—in which case the laboratory and not the bar is the place for the spectacle. Opera and field glasses are for vistas, clouds, and other otherwise inaccessible areas.—William Saroyan in *Theatre Arts*, U.S.A.

### • • • IS YOUR BRAIN GROWING?

Since taking up his war duties Mr. Churchill's skull has increased in diameter, and most of his hats are now much too tight.

The same thing happened to Mr. Lloyd George during the last war. Waged down by responsibility, latent forces within him came to the surface. His brain seemed to improve tremendously, and with it the size of his head increased. As in the case of our present Prime Minister, his hats were outgrown.

History records that under the stress and strain of responsibility, men often show far greater ability than they were thought to possess, and in most instances their heads grow as size. Which seems to prove that they did not make the maximum use of their brains until cir-

cumstances compelled them to do so.

For ordinary men and women the finest thing in the world is a real patch of trouble, for it brings latent talent and fighting ability to the surface.—*Prefecture*, London.

### • • • THE SINGING SEAMSTRESS

That's what the people of the small Hungarian town of Nagykorno called Ilana Hajmasy, who, while at work, sang to entertain her fellow workers. One day, the producer of a touring opera company, passing Ilana's place of employment, chanced to hear her sing, with the result he offered her a job as a chorus girl. Ilana accepted and later, with money she had saved, she studied at the Vienna Conservatory of Music. There she was developed into a great singer. Later a Hollywood "scout" heard Ilana singing in opera at Budapest and offered her a contract. The deal signed and later set sail for Hollywood to be groomed for stardom. Her name was changed to Masey, and it was not long before she made her debut. Now the girl who once sang to entertain her colleagues is one of America's outstanding singing stars, her sale of gramophone records nearly equalling Bing Crosby's.

### • • • REMIND

For quiet bones and small beginnings,  
Out to the undiscovered ends,  
There's nothing worth the wear of  
winning.  
Save laughter and the love of  
friends.

—Hilbert Bellac in *Argosy*, London

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